RADIO MIRROR (AND TELEVISION) TV

JANUARY • 25¢

Radio-TV mirror.



Walter Winchell

Dave Garroway: WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL!

How to be BEST-DRESSED by MAGGI McNELLIS

WINCHELL QUIZ: Are You A Good American?

Sid Caesar – Imogene Coca

H.E 8690
.R16

Find New Beauty in your Bath!

Bathe your way to Beauty with the Camay Beauty Bath!
The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings to your skin—yes, to all of your skin
from head to toe—the finest kind of complexion care!
It brings new loveliness to your shoulders and arms and legs.
Use the big, economical "Beauty-Bath" size of Camay.
Let it touch you—ever so lightly—with the flattering fragrance
of Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

ALL ABOARD FOR NEW ALL-OVER BEAUTY!

DON'T JUST TAKE A BATH... REVEL IN IT!

SO GENTLE— THE TOUCH OF SATIN!

JUST ENOUGH FRAGRANCE TO FLATTER!

BATH-SIZE GIVES BILLOWS OF LATHER!

BE ECONOMICAL—BUY BATH-SIZE CAMAY!

CAMAY



Bath-Size Camay for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!

KWS 9 Nov 53 Recd



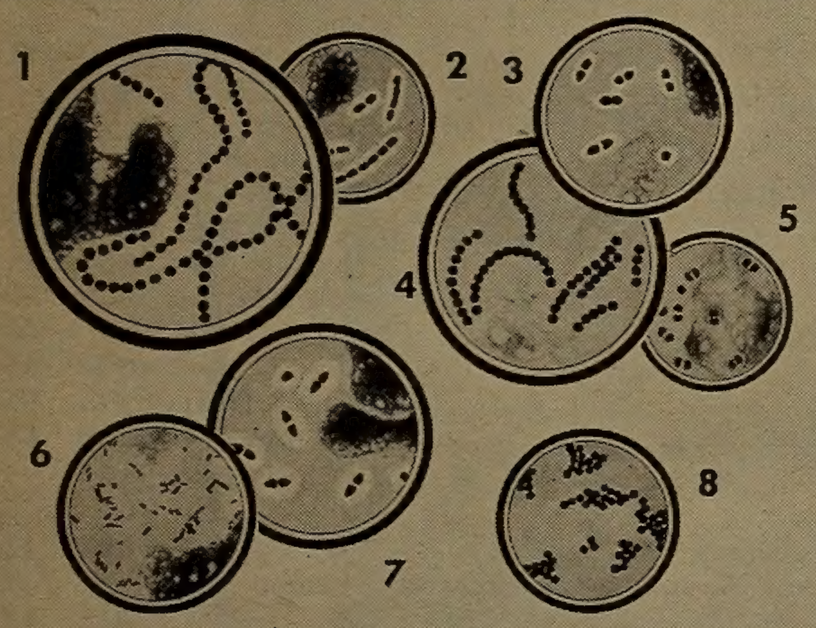


SUDDEN CHILL?
Sudden changes of temperature, like wet feet, cold feet, and drafts, may reduce body resistance so that germs in the throat can make trouble.

YOU START SNEEZING!
That sneeze or cough is usually a hint that a cold may be on its way, and that you'd better do something about it.



Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: (1) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (2) Friedlander's bacillus, (3) Pneumococcus Type IV, (4) Streptococcus viridans, (5) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (6) Bacillus influenzae, (7) Pneumococcus Type III, (8) Staphylococcus aureus.



THESE "BUGS" MAY INVADE THROAT
These "bugs" in throat go into action . . . They are called Secondary Invaders . . . can attack tissue and cause much of the misery associated with colds, say numerous authorities.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*—for Colds and Sore Throat

a safe, direct way with no dangerous side-effects

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, gargled early and often, may entirely head off a cold, or sore throat due to a cold —or lessen its severity, once started.

It has been doing that year after year. Careful tests made over a twelve-year period, showed that there were fewer colds and sore throats, and generally milder ones, for those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for those who did not gargle. That is understandable.

Kills Secondary Invaders

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill, by millions, the threatening germs doctors call Secondary Invaders . . . the ones responsible for most of a cold's misery. It attacks them before they attack you . . . halts mass invasion of the tissue.

Tests showed germ reductions ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

So, whatever else you do, at the first sign of a sniffle, or cough, or a scratchy throat, start with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may spare yourself an unpleasant siege of trouble. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis*

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JANUARY, 1951

RADIO MIRROR AND TELEVISION

VOL. 35, NO. 2 KEYSTONE

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

FASHION NEWS . . .

The "Poured-In" Silhouette—sleek, slender, lithe

This year, you give the illusion of having been *poured into* your slender new clothes. It's a willowy, longer-waisted look—with a slim, smooth sweep from waist to hip to thigh. And, to achieve this "poured-in" silhouette, take the advice of designers who created the new fashions . . .



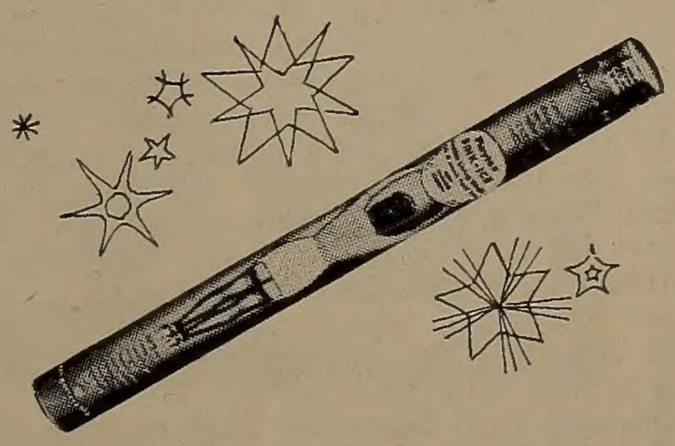
Made by a revolutionary latex process, PINK-ICE actually "breathes" with you, dispels body heat!

FIGURE NEWS . . .

Under newest clothes, top designers recommend

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

Here's a girdle that slims you, moulds you, gives you a "poured-in" silhouette while allowing *the most complete freedom of action.* Invisible under your sleekest new dress, PINK-ICE hasn't a seam, stitch or bone. Result of a revolutionary new latex process, it's fresh as a daisy, light as a snowflake, actually "breathes" with you—dispels body heat. It washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel!



In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES **$3.95** to **$4.95**

In SLIM, golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES **$4.95** to **$5.95**

In SLIM, silvery tubes, PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES **$3.50** to **$3.95**

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large.
Extra-large size slightly higher.

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION

Playtex Park © 1951 **Dover Del.**



CEIL CHAPMAN, New York designer: "It's an easy figure to have — with PLAYTEX, the girdle that combines power with comfort and freedom, fits invisibly under clothes!"



VINCENT MONTE-SANO, suit designing genius: "Your girdle must be figure-slimming, give smooth, natural lines in comfort. In short, it must be a PLAYTEX Girdle."



MOLYNEUX, famed designer to royalty: "To wear the newest clothes successfully, you must have PLAYTEX. And PLAYTEX slims you effectively, comfortably, naturally."

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M

WHERE OLD and NEW MEET





Talented WOV announcer Giancarlo Rossini evidences the sincerity of Italian language broadcasts; roving reporter Giuliano Gerbi tours Italy recording conversations for rebroadcast to Italian-Americans.

Something old, something new, lots that's borrowed—but nobody's blue. Station WOV in New York is, in actuality, a sort of figurative wedding. Broadcasting in the Italian language daily from nine in the morning to seven in the evening (and in English before 9 A. M. and after 7 P. M.), WOV designs its programs to please the 2,100,000 Italian-Americans in New York's metropolitan area.

Something old? The immortal Italian music, a great percentage of the world's best-known and beloved opera, the heart-warming humanity of Italian comedy and of Italy's sensitive drama.

Something new? These Italians, with their hearts rich with the best from their homeland, are *new* Americans. First and second generation Americans. Loving their new country, they nevertheless feel a warmth and fondness for the land of their ancestral or early association (even as many of us evidence partiality for a particular section of the United States associated with our childhood).

Something borrowed? We've borrowed—*adopted*—the art, music, sensitivity and much of the tradition of Italy. Thousands of music-lovers tune in daily to Gems of the Opera—a program of precious recordings of the finest music in the world.

At WOV the staff isn't blue, but happy and interested first and second generation Italians. Glance into the station's fabulous classical record library and watch the librarians at work. There is a sort of reverence in their handling of precious out-of-print recordings of old Italian melodies and the voices of world-famous singers.

Peek through the studio door as a drama is being aired. Our Italian actors *live* their roles. Ten-year-old Bobby Della Santina, long beloved as *Il Biondino* (Little Blondy) in a WOV serial drama, emotes into the mike with real tears pouring down his face.

To bring Italian-Americans news direct from their homeland, WOV maintains studios in the heart of Rome. Giuliano Gerbi—a sort of ambassador of goodwill—travels through Italy recording conversations and interviews. After broadcast in America it is common for WOV to learn from listeners the happiness brought them through the sound of a friend's voice, or perhaps the peal of a church bell in some tiny but well-remembered hamlet.

So—as we said—WOV is a sort of "wedding." It is an eloquent and active means, anyway, to the wedding of the old and the new—a link between countries across the world from each other and a handshake across the ocean.



Lamberto Maggiorani, star of "The Bicycle Thief," visits Vera Cueto and Lucio Basco of the Rome staff.

Which girl has the natural curl . . . and

which girl has the Toni?



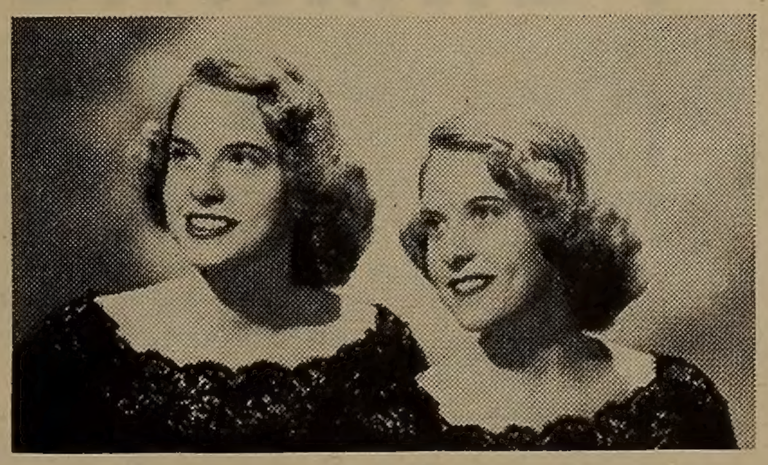
The lovely Toni girl says: "All my Toni waves have been wonderful, but this new Toni with Permafix is best of all. It's just as soft and natural looking as naturally curly hair — even on the first day." Can you tell which girl was born with naturally curly hair and which girl has the Toni? Answer below.

New improved Toni guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day!

Permafix is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. Permafix actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing—more natural month after month.

You can't tell a new, improved Toni wave from Nature's loveliest wave. Your hair will feel like naturally curly hair—comb like naturally curly hair—look like naturally curly hair *from the first thrilling moment.* That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known, plus amazing new Permafix that leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition. With wonderful Permafix your Toni wave is angel-soft at first combing—yet lasts longer than ever before.

Toni is the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day . . . and last far longer. No wonder more women use Toni than all other home permanents combined. Ask for Toni today. Joan Tebbe, the lovely brunette, has the Toni.



Which Twin Has The Toni — and which has the beauty shop wave? Compare Alva Anderson's Toni (at the right) with her sister Alice's permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive beauty shop wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni.

Hair styles by Suzanne Ryder



TONI REFILL ONLY $1

Toni *the wave that gives that natural look!*

Buffalonians breakfast with the Keatons daily at 9:30 on WGR. Reggie and Billy also air a husband vs. wife quiz show Wednesday nights.



PERMANENT PARTNERSHIP

In Buffalo, New York, the marriage of WGR's Billy and Reggie Keaton is definitely an institution, and a very popular one. The Keatons have been in Buffalo ten years, during the first six of which Billy became a well-known and successful disc-jockey. He never came near being an institution, however, until WGR Commercial Manager Nat Cohen suggested Billy team with his wife, Reggie, and do one of those new-fangled man-and-wife shows that were catching on in New York City about that time. The idea was a natural for, though Reggie had been cast in the role of housewife since the Keatons' marriage in 1936, she had previously been, like Billy, a vaudeville trouper.

It was in vaudeville that Reggie and Bill first met. They were a stage team and, as the Hollywood scripts often put it, they were separated when Bill was signed to do an act solo. He didn't mind *acting* solo, but *living* solo suddenly seemed too much to bear, so he married his former partner. While Bill was gradually making the move from stage to radio, Reggie contented herself with housekeeping and motherhood. (The Keatons have a thirteen-year-old son, Bill, Jr., and a four-year-old daughter, Janie.)

On the show, heard weekday mornings at 9:30 over WGR, Billy and Reggie discuss a variety of topics, most of them arising from local events and situations in local households, including their own. Making it their business to be informative as well as fun, the Keatons pass on a good many household hints.

To keep in close touch with their large public, the Keatons keep up an exhausting extra-curricular pace. They're active in PTA, Rotary, and similar civic organizations, and Billy is an actual, active, axe-lugging fireman with the Hutchinson Hose Company, which keeps the home fires from burning in his adopted hometown, nearby Williamsville. Add to all this the Keatons' numerous public appearances, and you wonder how they can be awake at 9:30 A.M., let alone do a sparkling twenty-minute show.



YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

No Matter What Your Age or Type of Skin!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . . but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that *in just 14 days* a new method of cleansing with Palmolive Soap . . . using nothing but Palmolive . . . brings lovelier complexions to 2 out of every 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Just wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap, massaging Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather onto your skin for 60 seconds each time . . . as you would a cream.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

It's these 60-second facials with Palmolive's rich and gentle lather that work such wonders.

Here's proof it works!

In 1285 tests on all types of skin—older and younger, dry and oily—2 out of every 3 women showed astonishing complexion improvement in just 14 days. Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. Start this new Palmolive way to beauty tonight.



Look For These Complexion Improvements in 14 days!

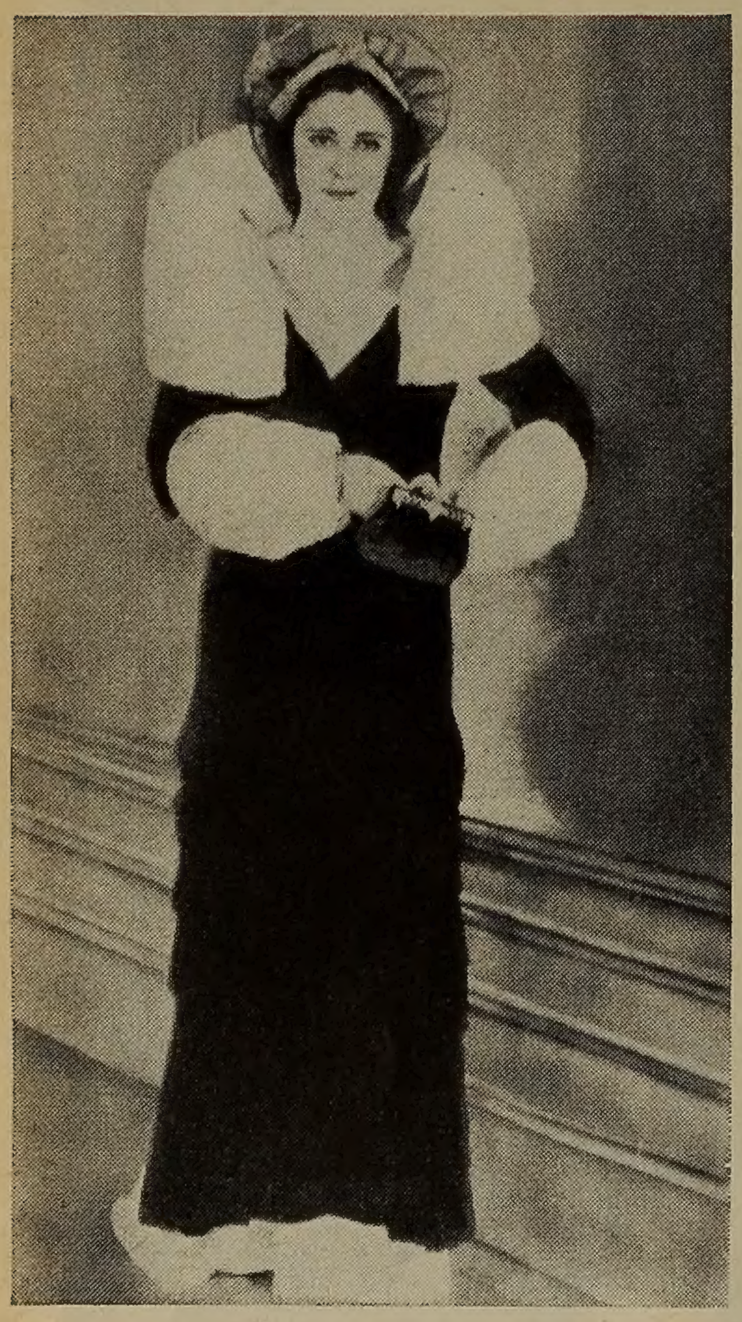
- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

What is more elegant than ermine? And there was plenty of it on Betty Barthell's wrap.



Gertrude Berg, heard but not seen, nevertheless dressed the part of Mrs. Goldberg.



This number with the black tulle flounces made Harriet Hilliard devastating in 1934.



Looking fashionably languid, Helen, of the Pickens sisters, modeled this fuchsia tunic.



RADIO MIRROR'S

Fashion may not be spinach, but who's going to deny that it's come a long way since 1934? Not your favorite radio stars—though they were considered very smart indeed in these middle thirties' styles.

What they

Alice Faye was dressed for a day in town in this white-frosted blue crepe tunic job.



Gray flannel trunks, jersey halter, jaunty sailor — they put Sylvia Froos in the swim.



And in this unlikely outfit Milton Berle posed to defend his gags, it said there.



OWN LIFE STORY

Fashion-wise, 1934 seems like centuries ago. Imagine wrapping yourself in that Eskimo-like ermine trimmed wrap that Nicole of Paris designed for Betty Barthell. Of course, you could salvage the body of the garment—it was made of velvet—and be quite stylish for 1950. Likewise with Helen Pickens' velvet accessories. Those long sooty gloves would be welcome in any woman's wardrobe in 1950, but to the attic with that lengthy matelasse tunic dress! Helen, however, must have cut quite a figure in it at teas and cocktail parties in those dimmer days. The prize hat here seems to be the Nicole of Paris number modeled by Ruth Etting. It had a straw crown, a starched and pleated white organdy brim and what looks like an enormous velvet ribbon as extra added attraction. And a collar to match. Wonder how many times Ruth was able to wear *that?*

About the least fashionable but also least perishable style seems to be Gertrude Berg's housedress. Fashions come and fashions go but those gaily designed, terribly practical garments go on forever. When you view the doings of Molly Goldberg these days on television, you probably won't be able to notice much difference in her then and now dresses. But for all-out practicality, the fashion Oscar must go to Milton Berle. There is one form that will never change, even sixteen years from now. Want to bet?



Chapeaux, 1934: Ruth Etting in a Nicole of Paris number of white pleated organdy and Arlene Francis in a tricorne made of tweed, one-eye style.



were wearing

FUN FARE



For several years Susan Kent had captured first prizes in the WFBR Sewing Contest and it was this sewing talent that brought her into contact with the Baltimore station. When the opportunity came to step in and do radio work the station found that she was admirably equipped to show listeners how It's Fun to Cook, M-F at 12:45 P. M.

Cooking was as easy as pie for Susan who, as a lieutenant in the Marine Corps, had fed thousands of hungry leathernecks. She had a trying time for fourteen months when she served as the only woman officer in the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C. With thousands of handsome, rugged Marines around she did an about-face and married a civilian—something which was very hard to live down during the rest of her "hitch."

Along with this talent for cooking, she has an urge to grow things. That's why she wangled a garden, large enough to keep two people supplied with the usual things that taste best fresh, smack in the middle of two large apartment developments. Both she and her husband do the hoeing and neither shirks his duty.

Besides sewing, designing clothes, painting and working with ceramics, Susan plays the piano and mandolin and once took up flying, but she didn't follow through long enough to get her license. Add to this the large number of requests which come in to serve as judge of this and that fashion show and you can see that Susan Kent is a very busy young woman.

Prior to joining the Marines, this lady from Denver, Colorado taught school and worked with children's programs on a station in Carlsbad, New Mexico. A desire to see new places led her to Washington, D. C. where she worked for the Civil Aeronautics Board and took courses at George Washington University and the Madga School of Design.



WFBR's Susan Kent designs and sews clothing, makes ceramic knick-knacks, paints in her leisure time.

COMING NEXT MONTH



Don McNeill

Prime yourself for a surprise and an extra special one at that! You'll find it in the February issue and you'll know it in many ways once you pick up a copy of next month's magazine. First of all there's the cover—on it you'll find a portrait of the man and his gang who have been delighting audiences for many, many years with their adventures on the Breakfast Club. Who is it? Don McNeill, of course—who else! Don and Sam Cowling and Fran Allison (who plays gossipy Aunt Fanny), Patsy Lee and Johnny Desmond—they're all there and with them are pictures and stories filled with fascinating information. Look for this in the special McNeill section of the February issue.

* * *

The February issue would be almost complete in itself with just that material on Don McNeill, but leave it to RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR to supply you with much, much more than your quarter's worth. Next month will be overflowing with the kind of features you've come to know and expect in your favorite magazine of radio and television. There'll be another page of day-time serial fashions and a daytime serial problem based on a situation confronting the characters in Right to Happiness.

February is concerned with families, too. You'll find two pages of pictures on the Hansens of Mama. And you'll find a story on a woman who is responsible for another famous and favorite family. She's Gertrude Berg, creator of the Goldbergs and player of Molly. This story is by her secretary. It's a new glimpse into the life of an amazing woman.

* * *

Are there any aspiring amateurs in the house? Make sure they read the special message from Ted Mack, conductor of the Original Amateur Hour. Ted has compiled a guide which will answer any question that's ever been thought of in connection with amateur shows. You'll find all this in the February issue of RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR which goes on sale January 10.

"I rode 150 miles on a roller coaster!"

says **ANN SHERIDAN**, co-starring in **"WOMAN ON THE RUN"**
A Fidelity Picture From Universal-International.



"Retaking this scene for 'Woman on the Run' kept me on a roller coaster hour after hour. I rubbed my hands raw, gripping the rail.



And hanging from this skylight nearly tore my fingers.



But I smoothed my hands with Jergens Lotion . . .



For romantic close-ups with Dennis O'Keefe!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above . . .



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

R M

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10¢ TO $1.00 (PLUS TAX)



Platter-spinner Bob Horn plays host to wife Linda Stevens, a professional singer, on Stardust Time.

ACCENT ON MUSIC



The relaxed Horn style keeps Philadelphians tuned to WFIL.

Disc Jockey Bob Horn is the man behind the mike on the Valley Forge Stardust Time program broadcast by WFIL, Philadelphia, six nights a week from 11 o'clock to midnight. His listeners, many of whom have been his devoted fans ever since he began broadcasting in Philadelphia eleven years ago, tune in the show because they get all the music they want, plus all the news and sports results they need to keep themselves well-informed, in the relaxed Horn style.

Bob's unobtrusive manner in introducing his musical selections, reporting the news, and making commercial announcements is one of the principal reasons for his present high rating among Philadelphia radio personalities. He places the emphasis on music, keeping his comments brief and to the point. To maintain the casual mood of the program, he includes an occasional anecdote illustrating some of the more humorous aspects of life.

Recognized as an authority on jazz, Bob also is well versed in the music of the modern and progressive schools, but on his nightly WFIL show he plays music which reflects the varied tastes of his legion of admirers. The result is an hour of pleasurable listening for all concerned.

The personable Mr. Horn was born in Cherry Run, West Virginia, a village with a population of 500, situated in the Sleepy Creek Mountains. His boyhood was spent in West Virginia and Ohio towns to which his father's occupation as a civil and mining engineer led the family, and later he attended Valley Forge Military Academy for four years. It's pure coincidence that Valley Forge also is the name of the beer sold by his sponsor.

In 1934 Bob entered the radio field as an announcer at a station in Wheeling, West Virginia. When he first displayed his broadcasting talents in Philadelphia in 1939, he served as special events commentator, assistant program director, and public relations man before he decided that he would rather be a disc jockey. From the time of his first program he began to build a steady audience of faithful listeners, and his success as a platter spinner was assured. In 1946, he went to Hollywood as a news commentator for a radio station, but after a year in the movie capital he returned to Philadelphia and his disc show.

As a sideline to his radio work, Bob turned promoter and in 1945 presented the first modern jazz concert ever given at Philadelphia's staid Academy of Music. Sarah Vaughn and Dizzy Gillespie are among the performers who were helped on their way to stardom by appearances in Horn productions.

Bob is married to the former Linda Stevens, a talented singer who adds beauty and charm to the Horn household. They have a daughter, Marianne, two years old.

ARTHUR GODFREY'S UKULELE WINNERS



Arthur Godfrey

Is your name among these lucky twenty-five ukulele winners?

Last July, in the special Arthur Godfrey issue, RADIO MIRROR offered its readers a chance to win a genuine Island Ukulele made by Paramount Distributors and a case of hi-V Concentrated Orange Juice. Entrants were asked to complete in twenty-five words or less the statement, "I'd like to learn to play the ukulele like Arthur Godfrey because . . ." Here are the names of those who, in the opinions of the editors, best described their reasons:

C. B. Bull, Lodi, Calif.
Mrs. Hal Graves, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Amelia Rose Forsythe, Rye, Colorado
Hal Heffner, Salisbury Center, N. Y.
Nancy Lou Hamilton, Hollywood, California
Miss Beth Studer, Los Angeles, California
Tommy Higdon, Ingalls, Indiana
Carole Hope Wurtzel, Whitinsville, Mass.
Mrs. Corwin Yeager, Amsterdam, Ohio
L. Skinner, Dayton, Ohio
Roger A. Hartz, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mary E. Brown Hahn, Johnstown, Pa.
Rev. William F. Peacock, Amarillo, Texas
Mrs. Sadie Holley, Washington, D. C.
Glenon B. Ridgway, Shelbina, Missouri
Lolly Crawford Taber, Lakewood, Colorado
Paul Wayne Douglas, Richmond, Missouri
Eleanor M. Peck, Kenmore, N. Y.
Jo Ann Peterson, Mount Horeb, Wis.
Mary Jane Covey, Fresno, Calif.
Patrick Conant, Canton, N. Y.
Gayle Griffith, Greenwood, Indiana
Paige Lewis, News Ferry, Va.
Donnie Whitney, Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Suzanne Teichman, Chicago, Ill.

Don't "JUST WASH" your hair..



Condition it with NEW DRENE shampoo



The sure way to Natural Sheen-Natural Softness

This wonderful New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action does far more than "just wash" your hair. It actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to all its loveliest natural sheen, natural softness!

After New Drene your hair is so easy to manage . . . it's so marvelously clean and soft and responsive to your hands. No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action.



Try it . . . see all it does for your hair:

1. Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild.
2. Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
3. Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

NEW DRENE with Conditioning Action ...for all types of hair!



The best answer to the problem of G.M., presented in the September issue, was submitted by Mrs. Marin Sergeant of South Bend, Indiana, to whom RADIO MIRROR's check for $25.00 has been sent.

Here is this month's prize problem letter which I am asking RADIO MIRROR readers to help me solve with their letters of advice:

Dear Joan:

My question or problem is one that arises perhaps due to a sudden lack of interest on my husband's part; or immaturity on mine. Which it is, I can't seem to determine.

My husband is twenty-one years of age which is but two years older than I. We've been married for one year and two months, and with the exception of the past few months it has truly been bliss.

Recently he has shown a lack of interest in our household. I'm not referring to his financial interests. He is a perfect husband and provider in this respect; but it's the smaller things that have previously meant so very much to us. For instance, the fact that the complete apartment had been rearranged solely for his liking and convenience was left unnoticed by him. And lately after I have spent all day preparing something he especially enjoys, he never remarks about it at all.

It seems as if we are constantly bickering, and Joan, we are both so young and married such a short time for all this to happen.

Perhaps you can offer an explanation plus some advice to me, for his sudden change.

Mrs. H. H.

Now here are other problem letters and the answers which I have given to them.

Dear Joan:

My husband is a civil engineer. We live in an Eastern suburban town, own our beautiful home, have two youngsters of school age, a host of friends and both of our families living nearby.

Recently my husband was offered a large contract out West—a great responsibility with accompanying increase in salary. However, the project would consume about five or six years to complete and would naturally mean our moving out there to his new work.

It would mean transferring our children to a different school with a probable setback. It would mean leaving our friends, and our families—including my aged mother who has not many more years to live. My husband is leaving the decision entirely up to me—saying he will not accept the position if we do not accompany him. He says he wants me to be happy but will he blame me later for losing out on this wonderful opportunity and advancement?

I am a poor adjuster to new people and places and am sure to be wretched for a long, long time.

Mrs. H. S.

Dear Mrs. S.:

From your letter I get the feeling that you're taking a rather gloomy view of this possible move of yours—and I say "yours" because I'm sure you realize that it's unthinkable (*Continued on page 69*)

When A Girl Marries, heard M-F at 5 P.M. EST on NBC, is sponsored by Swansdown and Calumet.

Marries



By JOAN DAVIS

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay $25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another $25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than December 30. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The name of the winner will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Dora's DOWN



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Dora now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-11, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

DORA'S UP WITH MIDOL



R M

THE SINGING COMMERCIAL

By ADELAIDE VAN WEY

A new innovation? Not at all—in fact, radio wasn't even a dream when the first huckster's chant was heard



Adelaide Van Wey

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Adelaide Van Wey, young Southern contralto from Rossman, North Carolina, is known throughout America for her extensive research in folk music and brilliant performance of these songs. Although classically trained, her love for folk music has been predominant. She has made trips into all parts of the United States to find and notate the music she heard, the music which has been handed down from generation to generation. She was made an honorary citizen of New Orleans for her outstanding records of Creole folk songs, an album of which is in the Library of Congress.*

Most of us think of the singing commercial as a spontaneous outgrowth of the hectic thirties and frantic forties—the advertising-conscious decades when many an ad jingle was as well-known as the No. 1 song on the Hit Parade. But actually the singing commercial was a familiar part of every man's life several centuries ago when pedlers first devised short melodies to chant and draw attention to their wares. The street vendors' cries have lasted those hundreds of years and today their utility value in certain sections of Paris, Rome, Marseilles, Charleston, Savannah, New York and New Orleans is still recognized and employed.

The term I like best in referring to street cries is "unconscious music." The huckster doesn't realize he is singing. His cry is designed to call attention to his wares. Words are important, too. To lessen the tiresome hawking, a variety of words is used and a little tune unconsciously becomes easier to repeat than a sharp yell or loud call. These pedlers use every imaginable means to bring their produce to town—trucks, mules, wagons, baskets and push-carts. Many housewives buy their food in these cities from the house to house sellers, because their prices are always a bit below the prices in shops and markets. There are watermelons to be sold—peaches, blackberries, sweet oranges, strawberries, vegetables and flowers. Nor are these all the cries. There's the chimney sweep, once a familiar sight and sound (and still is in Paris, New Orleans and Savannah); the broom seller, who makes the New Orleans sagebrush brushes himself; the knife sharpener, the umbrella mender, the cantaloupe seller—they are all still there in New Orleans and continental cities.

Many street cries I have heard and learned "first hand." Others I've been told about or taught by someone who heard the cry. Coming from the South I have been familiar with these cries for years and have incorporated them in my Creole Folk Song Albums. It's interesting to note these selling tunes differ with locale. The Charleston shrimp seller sings "Shrimpu," the New Orleans vender uses the same word, but the tune is different. Those who have written down street cries seldom are able to catch the actual sounds. There are no notes depicting pitches not found on the black keys, not on the white, but "in the cracks." One has to depend on the ear to catch the trick intonations of the real vender. Years of calling wares, in heat and wind, go into perfecting the pedler's street cry which is indeed, his trade mark.

In the age of the super-market, the original street cries are a fast disappearing part of the American scene, but they have been transplanted into the jazzy tempo of modern advertising. Such cries as:

> Ma crabs are nice and brown
> I sell dem all aroun'
> When you're hongry and blue
> Wait for de crab man to pass through
> Crab-ee, Debbil Crab-ee
>
> Blackberries, want some blackberries—not a green one in the pail.

preceded by many years the jingle:

> "How mild, how mild, how mild can a cigarette be!"

FREE! OF EXTRA COST Handy Convenient "Push-Kap" Dispenser

with large and giant size

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion



Tip the bottle, push the cap— Have lovelier-looking hands in seconds!

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy "Push-Kap" dispenser gives you just the *desired* amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, *softens* like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness. Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new "Push-Kap" dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!





1. No Fuss!

When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silvery pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.



2. No Muss!

Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can't spill, bottle never becomes slippery.



3. No Waste!

When exactly *desired* amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.





UGLY. **"Scrubbing my hands constantly,** in order to keep them 'hospital clean,' could easily make them look red and ugly," says Jean Crow, Registered Nurse of Baltimore, Maryland.



LOVELY. **"But my hands never show** the harsh treatment they undergo," she continues. "I use Noxzema throughout the day to help keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours*... or your money back!

Noxzema Hand Care Helps Soften, Whiten, Heal Red, Rough "Working Hands"—Chapped Hands!

● **Doctors' tests prove it!** If your hands are red, rough and chapped . . . they can look lovelier in 24 hours! *In tests, the hands of 9 out of 10 women showed improvement — often within 24 hours—with Noxzema. Read what it can do for you:

1. Help red, rough "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter and so much lovelier!
2. Bring soothing relief to raw, chapped skin!
3. *Help heal* those tiny surface cuts and cracks!
4. Supply a protective film of oil-and-moisture to skin!
5. And—it's a snow-white, dainty *greaseless* cream!



Helps Soothe, Heal Those Sore Chapped Hands! Chapped hands are *cut* hands. And they need more than just a "perfumed prettifier." *Medicated* Noxzema helps heal those tiny surface cuts and cracks—quickly—helps chapped hands feel better, look lovelier!

Helps "Housework Hands" Regain Natural Beauty! When daily chores leave your hands red and rough—let gentle, soothing Noxzema come to their rescue. It helps unsightly "Working Hands" look softer, smoother, whiter—often overnight! And it's *greaseless* —never leaves your hands feeling "sticky"!





Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Housework left my hands looking rough and dry—until I discovered Noxzema! Now my hands always look soft, smooth and lovely."



Winona McClure, Denver school teacher, says: "I first started using Noxzema for chapped hands. It was so effective that it's been my regular hand cream ever since!"



Betty Jane Hokenstrom, Minneapolis secretary, says: "Office work can be hard on hands. But I use Noxzema every day to help keep my hands looking their loveliest!"

Money-Back Offer! No matter what hand care you use now—try soothing, *medicated* Noxzema tonight. If you don't see definite improvement in 24 hours—simply return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted with results! Get *greaseless, medicated* Noxzema Skin Cream today—40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.



NOXZEMA SKIN CREAM

Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin

A MESSAGE FOR THE

New Year



By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

As a delegate to the United Nations, Mrs. Roosevelt is in even closer touch with the problems of mankind than she was during her days as First Lady. Here, for 1951, is a special message from her to the readers of RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR.

In these troubled times, with so much uncertainty in everybody's mind about the future, we should all remember that much of our hope for the security of ourselves and our children, depends on our all working together to find the solutions to the problems that lie ahead. This can only be done if we all think about the problems which we face and bring ourselves to a greater awareness of the issues. I feel that war is not inevitable; destruction is not inevitable; solutions can be found and peace is possible throughout the world.

Through her new radio program, Mrs. Roosevelt hopes to spread an awareness of the questions and problems of the times by exchanging views with her listeners and her guests. She is heard Mon-Fri., 12:30 P.M., EST, WNBC.



WINCHELL'S



It's Miami instead of
Manhattan for the nation's busiest
reporter. But don't think
that he really gets away from it all!

By ERIC RAND

Turnabout: Winchell got an orchid, this time at Radio Registry Ball. Proceeds went to Runyon Cancer Fund.



Golf is Winchell's latest passion. Here on the putting green of

It was the Sunday before Christmas last year and Walter Winchell, driving in his convertible across the Venetian Causeway from Miami Beach to the city of Miami, Florida, reflected that he had not yet caught the Christmas spirit. How, he thought, can you feel like humming Jingle Bells when the moon is shining on the yachts there in the bay. It's too warm for a coat and everybody's nose is sunburned.

He walked into the radio studios of WGBS, had a word or two with his producer, checked the teletype flashes from the direct New York wire and took his

WINTER



the Roney Plaza Hotel, he practices technique with pro Jerry Cook.

seat before the twin microphones. His script, fillers, commercials and a glass of water were waiting. From the control room he caught the signal—sixty seconds . . .

Somewhere a phone rang. Thirty seconds later he was handed a slip of paper; as the second-hand of the clock hit nine o'clock he was already scribbling. The commercial took a minute. Then:

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and all the ships at sea! Let's go to press!

"Flash! This has just been handed to me. Arthur



The company he keeps: Winchell at a Runyon Fund benefit with Leonard Lyons, Margaret Truman, Joe DiMaggio.



When the horses run at Hialeah, Winchell's there to watch them. His companions are Hirsch Jacobs, Arthur Godfrey.



Rare shot of Winchell with daughter Walda was taken a few years ago. His wife and son also go along to Miami.



Whether in New York or Miami, Winchell keeps close check on geography of significant news spots.



Commentator at work: Winchell types all his own scripts, never a secretary.

Walter Winchell is heard Sunday evenings at 9 P.M. EST on ABC stations, sponsored by Richard Hudnut Products.

Johnson, thirty-six, from Chicago arrived in Miami last night. Has internal hemorrhage and trying to locate Type A, Rh-negative blood. None in blood bank. Cannot locate any since this afternoon. If anyone in Florida has this type blood —Type A, Rh-negative—please help a dying man. Urgent."

That finished, he went on with his broadcast. At the sign-off he walked out of the quiet of the studio into bedlam. Every phone in the place was shrieking, people were dashing from desk to desk and the direct wire teletype was ringing frantically. Walter picked up the yellow strip of paper unwinding from the machine.

"Attention WW! Phones in New York going wild. Seventy-five calls in less than five minutes. Ringing like mad in ABC offices across country. Have you got the blood yet? Can't turn down donors until we're sure the man is saved . . ."

Two hours later Winchell, looking flustered and with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, went on the air again. He told Mr. and Mrs. America that they could relax now, stop clogging phone lines into ABC affiliates across the United States. "We've learned," he said, "that a man chartered a plane from Augusta, Georgia. Eastern Airlines offered to delay all southbound planes in New York in case someone found the right blood. More than three hundred persons are at the hospital now and Miami police have been called to straighten out traffic jams on roads leading to Biscayne Hospital.

"Flash! The stricken man has received the transfusion and is responding. The donor had just been identified. Nathan Dash —a visitor from New York."

He had to add: "Nobody asked, 'Is he black, white, brown or yellow?' Nobody said anything, just: 'I have that type blood and I want to help—'"

As he drove back home to the Roney Plaza Hotel on the Beach that night, Walter really had the Christmas spirit. He could be glad in his heart that he'd been in Miami tonight.

A man's life had been saved, indirectly, because several years before Winchell had looked out of his New York hotel window into a sleet storm and decided on the instant to go where the sun was. He followed it to Miami, and thereafter pursued it to its Southern hideaway every autumn, returning to New York only when the trees were budding in Central Park and the tulips were planted, already abloom, in Rockefeller Center.

Winchell spends five months of (*Continued on page* 78)

Are You a Good American?



If you listen to Walter Winchell on the radio, you know that his patriotic quotient is high. Here's a chance to test your own

The world is full of propagandists trying to change the land of the free and the home of the brave into a land of tyranny and the home of the slave. Today, Americans are waking up to the dangers of the lunatic left and the wretched right. Steering a steady course between them, defeating them, is difficult unless certain basic American principles are kept in mind. You believe in the American creeds of freedom and government of, by and for the people. But what are you doing to keep them alive? Check up on yourself by answering these questions.

1. After the war millions were left homeless and dispossessed, many faced new and hateful oppressions. Are you getting a little tired of hearing about their plight?

Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness are God-given rights of *every* man, everywhere. That's the cornerstone of the American Way. As long as one person still lives in bondage he is the concern of all Americans.

2. Do individual rights imply the privilege to do what, when and how you please at all times?

There are some limitations to personal rights. They must not interfere with the equal rights of others or with the welfare of the people as a whole.

3. Do you agree that in time of trouble it's up to everyone to look out for himself?

Fairweather Americans, like "friends" of the same kind, exploit a crisis. They hoard, profiteer, sell America short. Your score should be zero on these counts. There is enough for all in the greatest producing nation in the world.

4. The idea that all men are created equal means very little because they are not equally clever or capable. Do you agree?

The equal rights of *all* men to equal opportunity, good education, to live, work and worship where and how they please and to share in the benefits of Democracy must be *actively* supported—by you!

5. Do you believe politics are so corrupt that it doesn't matter whether you vote or not?

The effectiveness of Democracy depends on how well you fulfill your duties as a citizen. Keep well-informed, take part in community activities, weigh both sides of controversial issues and then act on your decision by voting. (*Continued on page* 90)

My Favorite



The blondes this gentleman prefers are his wife and daughters: left, Phyllis, six, Alice and Alice, Jr., who is eight.

The Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show is heard Sun., 7:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Blondes

One blonde is complication enough in any man's life. But *three*—is that wonderful or woeful? "Both!" says the well-qualified Phil Harris



A plot, no doubt—at least that's what Phil probably suspects as he eavesdrops on a purely feminine family huddle.

By PHIL HARRIS

In the beginning, there was just Alice and things weren't quite so tough. But then along came little Alice. And finally, Phyllis. All blonde, all gorgeous, and all cut from the same sweet set of goods.

I should have foreseen my fate long ago. Goodness knows, it was plain enough from the first day that Alice and Phyllis began to toddle around the house. But it wasn't until this year, after big Alice and I got back home from Europe, that I realized I'm doomed. I've got to live out the rest of my days under the same roof with three beautiful blondes. Not one, not two, but *three*. It's enough to curl my hair.

Already, I've learned one thing certain about blondes. No two of them ever think alike. But regardless of the peculiar ways their minds work, they always seem to get their way. Blondes, I claim, are all born with a God-given talent for bending men to their will. With one blonde, a man ain't got a chance. With three, folks, he's ruined. He's through. He's Mr. Dead.

For instance, take what happened this summer. Alice and I went over to Europe with Jack Benny—and all in all, it was quite a triumphant tour of Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, Paris, and London (they loved me in London). Naturally, because we were moving around with a show troupe, we left the kids in Hollywood with their grandparents. (*Continued on page 72*)







The girls can happily indulge their tastes in coiffures, tree-climbing and culinary—and count on a proud, applauding father.



Dick leaves singing in the shower to Charlotte. He prefers to do his while shaving.



Who but those in love go in for such shenanigans, Charlotte's maid seems to be wondering.



Dick doesn't mind standing still for a measurement, has hopes that the sweater will be finished.

Charlotte Manson is on Brighter Day, M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS, sponsored by Ivory Flakes; Nick Carter, Sun., 6:30 P.M. EST, MBS, sponsored by Cudahy Packing; Twenty Questions, Fri. 8 P.M. EST, WOR-TV, Sat. 8 P.M. EST, MBS, sponsored by Ronson. She does fashion commentary for DuMont's Yesterday's Newsreels. Dick Brown's on Stop the Music, Sun. 8 P.M. EST, ABC, sponsored by Old Golds and Trimount Clothing.

"Such

It was love at first sight on his part. With her, it took a little longer—maybe second, maybe third. But ever since it's been equally divided!

By CHARLOTTE MANSON BROWN

It was a year ago last October in New York City. The sun was shining and the air was crisp and cool. Dick and I walked, hand in hand, around the corner from our apartment to register for the November election. The gray-haired lady at the table looked up at us and smiled warmly. It must have been obvious that we were newlyweds and that we were very much in love. She turned to me first:

Name—Mrs. Richard Brown (as of three days before).

Address—Gave it.

Age—Over twenty-one (just like a woman).

While I waited my turn at the registration booth, I heard Dick going through much the same routine. But the gray-haired lady asked him one additional question.

Occupation—Singer.

Wondering why she hadn't asked me that question, I sneaked a quick look at the registration book. Across from my name was written one word: Housewife.

That stopped me cold. After all those years of living a butterfly existence as Charlotte Manson, Cinderella Girl of Radio, I was now plain Mrs. Richard Brown, housewife. It was a wonderful feeling. Ever since I was a little girl, entranced by *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, I've always liked to imagine what happened after the "happily ever (*Continued on page* 80)

beautiful music"

Charlotte Manson used to wonder what "happily ever after" would mean. Now that she's married to Dick Brown, she knows exactly.



From Kentucky's hills: a Dan'l Boone cap for Mr. G.



From Nice: dashing French sea captain's headgear.



From the Riviera: a beret—what could be more chic?

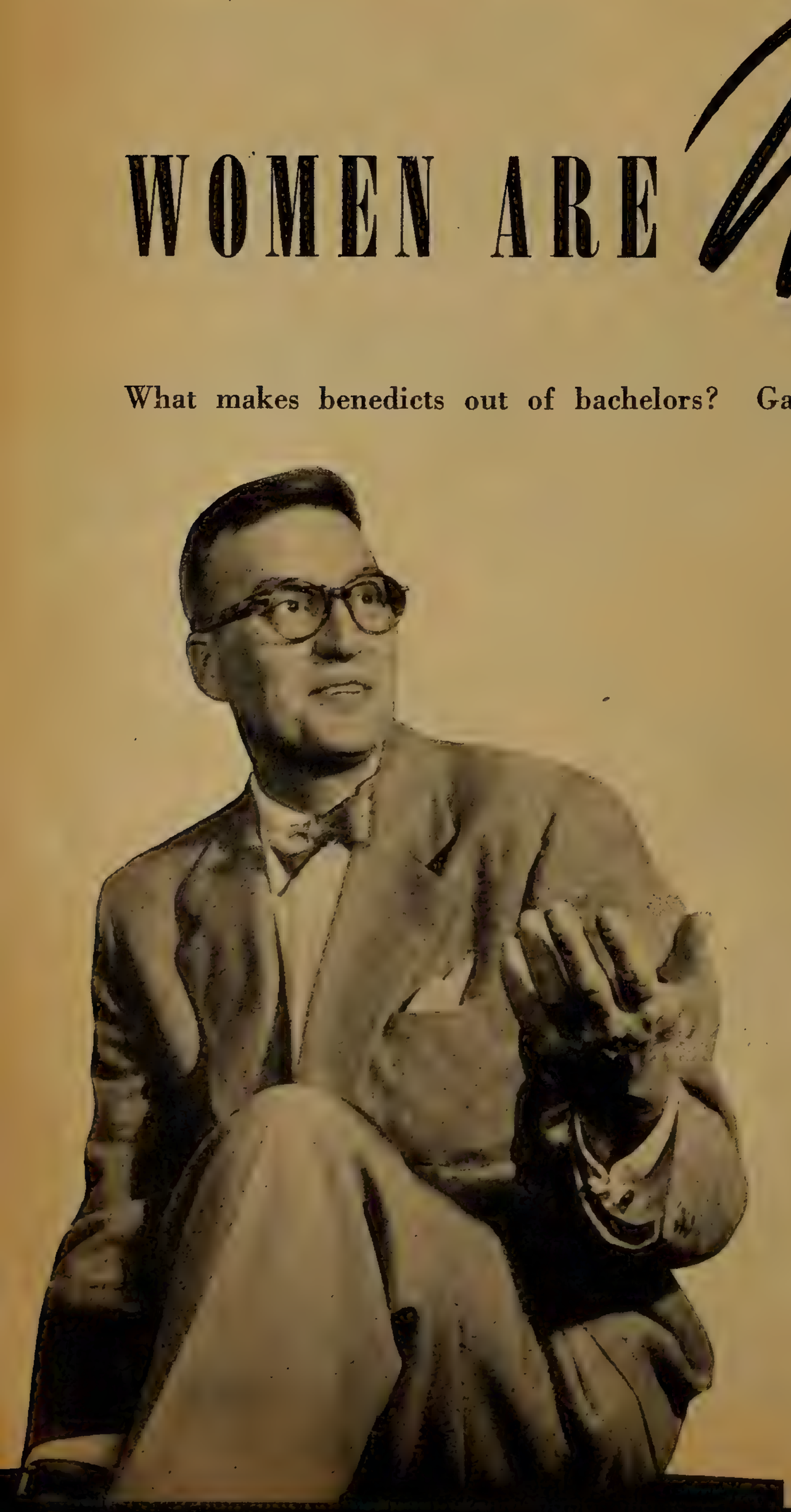


From London: leather what-is-it, with a rear awning.



WOMEN ARE *Wonderful!*

What makes benedicts out of bachelors? Garroway, at large again, reflects on marriage vs.



By DAVE GARROWAY

As a bachelor, I am, of course, a great authority on women and their ways. Every bachelor must be. Exposed as he is to a multitude of subtle snares, all devised for the single purpose of attaching him to the conventional legal leash, it takes study, strategy and just plain stubbornness for a man to retain his state of single cussedness these days.

However, let me make two things plain at the outset. Although I boast of being a close observer of women, I definitely do not claim to *understand* them. I merely assert they are the most fascinating study a man can have. It's a study which he can be sure will remain interesting all his life, for he'll never learn all the answers.

I also want to explain that although I confess to sidestepping that legal leash, I do not avoid women. I think women are wonderful. So confusingly wonderful, in fact, that I am not yet willing to single out one individual woman and certify, 'til death do us part, that she is far more wonderful than all the rest.

To me and to most bachelors, that seems an easily understandable and very enjoyable state of mind. You might even (*Continued on page* 67)

From Chicago: a plaid job.
Why *can't* men be dressy?



single cussedness



It's possible, he insists, for a man to walk down the street and get a terrific kick out of just looking at pretty girls—without leering at a single one of them. Of course, if he happens to *feel* like leering . . .

Dial Dave Garroway: 11:15 A.M., CST; 1:15 P.M., EST, M-F, NBC, sponsored by soap division, Armour products. The Dave Garroway Show: Mon. 11:30 P.M., EST, NBC, and 7:30 P.M. in Chicago, on WMAQ. Garroway at Large: Sun. 10 P.M., EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by Congoleum-Nairn. For other cities and other times, consult your local newspaper listings.

Live Like A



Jack McCoy, emcee—the fellow who hands out all that money.

A week's interest on a million dollars! That's what talented parents—introduced by their children—can win on this show

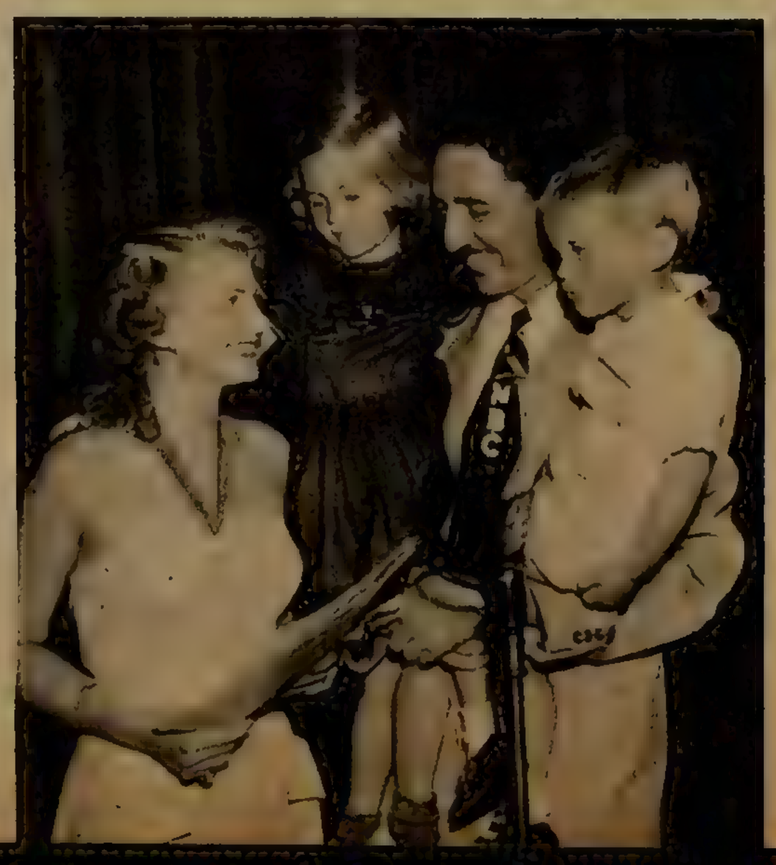
On Live Like A Millionaire, talented parents are introduced by their children. As Jack McCoy, the show's emcee puts it, "Children may range in age from three to a hundred and three—parents, of course, should be older." Four parents are presented each day, with each day's winners competing at the end of the week. Audience applause determines the week's winner, who is awarded a week's interest on a million dollars and many merchandise gifts. The program originates in Hollywood. Auditions for aspiring—and talented—"millionaires" are held in the NBC Hollywood studios twice each week.

Live Like A Millionaire is heard Monday through Friday, 2:30 P.M., EST, over NBC network stations, is sponsored by General Mills.

Three-year-old Kay McRee, shy but determined, tells Jack her story.



Winner Mrs. Lee Childs Kelly was introduced by Suannah and Charles.



Los Angeles County Fair: is this child's pride in Mom only calf love?



Millionaires



The Johnny Doyle family—he was first week's winner—includes Jackie, six, Gail, five, and Taffy (canine: age unknown).

Older youngster, Melody, accompanied her mother, Mrs. Meyers, on the show.

Eight-year-old Robert urged his Dad, Murray Korda, to try—he did, won!

Famous parents turn up, too—Tony and Linda Hope brought Bob along.







Lovely ladies, leading men . . .

host to all of Hollywood in its thirteen

years on the air. That's

the story of the Screen Guild Players

Great names of stage and screen on SGP: Agnes Moorhead, Lionel Barrymore and Vincent Price.



THESE



Olivia DeHavilland and Charles Boyer repeated their screen success, "Hold Back The Dawn," for the SGP this year.

Creating the proper blend of suspense for "Suspicion" were Cary Grant, Nigel Bruce, Loretta Young.



Screen Guild Players reunited Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy for the melodic "Sweethearts."



Fascinating PEOPLE



By
HUNTLY GORDON
Producer of Screen Guild Players for ABC

Every man has a list of things he can never forget. The night I froze up before hundreds of people in a Hollywood radio audience must loom large in any such roster I draw up.

I've played as a juvenile opposite Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. I've been a star of silent movies. I've gone through cinema romances with such celluloid sweethearts as Gloria Swanson, Irene Rich, Betty Compson and Pola Negri. I even survived the transition to talking pictures, enjoying in the process the screen company of such well-known and beautiful leading ladies as Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford and my thirteen years as producer of the Screen Guild radio program haven't kept me completely in the background.

I can look back at more than a thousand appearances before footlights and under kleig lights, but nowhere in the record is there another time when my mind failed me so utterly.

We were presenting Betty Hutton in the Screen Guild Players version of "The Trouble With Women." I had set out to introduce Betty to the studio audience. I had summoned every superlative I could lay tongue to in my build-up.

With a sweep of my arm, I indicated the wing where Betty waited to make her entrance. "Ladies and gentlemen!" I cried, but not another syllable came out. Suddenly, inexplicably, my mind had gone blank. I knew Betty Hutton's name as well as my own, but for that agonizing moment I couldn't have thought of it if my life had depended upon it.

I turned white with terror and embarrassment, but fortunately the audience never got an opportunity to learn of my ordeal. Betty didn't wait for the silence to become awkward. She bounced onto the stage in that vivacious manner of hers, threw her arms around me, and yelled, "Are you kidding, Huntly? I'm Betty Hutton!" (*Cont'd on page* 89)

Screen Guild Players is heard Thursdays, 8 P.M. EST on ABC.

Edie Hoyt asks:

CAN A WIFE

Edie Hoyt, of Pepper Young's Family, feels she should sacrifice herself—perhaps her daughter—for the sake of her husband.

What would you do?

The story of Edie and Andy Hoyt is the story of a man's serious illness and his wife's devotion to him. More than a year ago, Andy and Edie crashed while flying over South American jungles. After weeks of bare survival, their signals were seen by Pepper Young and a pilot friend of his. The plane was small and Edie, who was ill, was taken out first. When the rescuers returned for Andy, he had disappeared. Eventually, Edie returned to the United States, but she never lost hope, and her faith was rewarded with the report that a man resembling Andy had been picked up by natives. Leaving Edith, her two-year-old daughter, with the Youngs, Edie went back to South America. The man was Andy—but he was in a state of shock and complete amnesia. He seemed to recognize only Edie and would not speak even to her. Any noise frightened him to a state of violence.

Andy is still in this condition. Edie insists that she remain with him, must bring him back to Elmwood—although whether or not her devotion will bring him back to normal is a question no one can answer—for she feels she is his only link with reality. Is it right for her to expose herself—and little Edith—to life with a man whose mind is crippled, whose violence can be dangerous?

Both of the Youngs sympathize with her plight. However, Mother Young—a wife and mother herself—feels that in the same circumstances she would follow the course Edie chooses. Father Young, on the other hand, points out that the practical, realistic thing to do is for Edie to entrust Andy to the expert care of doctors, build a new life for herself and her child.

What do *you* think? In a situation like this—in any situation where a wife must choose a course that may harm one person while helping another—can a wife forsake her husband?

What do *you* think? Each month, RADIO MIRROR asks its readers to help a daytime serial favorite of theirs solve her problem. In Edie's situation—in any situation where a wife is faced with a course of action which may help one person but harm others—can a wife forsake her husband?

Pepper Young's Family is heard M-F at 3:30 P. M. EST on NBC. Sponsor—Procter and Gamble's Camay Soap.

RADIO MIRROR will purchase readers' anwers to the question: "Can A Wife Forsake Her Husband?" Writer of the best answer will be paid $25.00; writers of five next-best answers will be paid $5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words. Address: Edie Hoyt, c/o RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose the best letter, basing choice on originality and understanding of the problem, will purchase it for $25.00. They will purchase five next-best letters at $5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence about them. Opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Jan. 1, 1951, and have this notice enclosed.

Mother Young thinks Edie is doing what she would do. More realistic, Father says he thinks she's wrong.



FORSAKE HER HUSBAND?

How to be a best

Do women dress for men?

Of course!—arguments to the contrary notwithstanding. Then *how* should a woman dress for a man?

Let an expert tell you

By

MAGGI McNELLIS

Maybe I should have called this "How to Be *Your Man's* Idea of a Best Dressed Woman." Because the man in your life has some definite convictions about how he wants you to look. And it won't matter to you how well dressed you are, if *he* doesn't think so.

Generally speaking, for instance, a man doesn't want his wife, or the girl he takes out, to be the first to wear any extreme new fashion. Men are conservative creatures and they accept change slowly. Just look at the way *they* dress, and you'll see what I mean!

This conservatism causes me, personally, to do a lot of figuring. As moderator of the Sunday night television program, Leave It to the Girls, and as commentator for many fashion shows, I'm supposed to wear the newest, smartest styles. What's more, I like to, and I guess my conservative husband is getting used to them. Yet if we're going out and he begins to look at what I'm wearing with a funny little questioning gleam in his eye—well, I go back and change.

Men feel the same way about having their women wear extreme decollete. Fine on some glamorous creature at the next table, but heaven forbid that every eye in the room should be turned on any dinner companion of theirs. I do think, however, that men like to see women wear evening clothes—and they like bare shoulders, if pretty enough to be revealed.

What I think this adds up to is that most men hate to see a woman look out of place. They'll compliment a girl on pretty, dainty shoes that show off her feet and ankles, but they'll raise an awful fuss about high heels in the country. They don't like to take a girl for a walk, even in the city, and listen to plaints of "Oh, my aching feet."

They like long hair better than short, but they want to see hair held close to the head in a wind. That's because men are sticklers for good grooming and neatness. Properly groomed, I'm sure they prefer the shoulder length bob, and I know several girls who have never cut their hair shorter than shoulder length who are big successes with the boys. You'll notice that we girls on the regular Leave It to the Girls panel have kept our hair rather long, but of course in our case it's because it looks much better that way on television!

Men love little, simple hats, especially with veils. They like picture hats (*Continued on page* 87)

Maggi McNellis conducts Leave It To The Girls, Sun., 7 P.M. EST, NBC-TV, sponsored by Regent Cigarettes; she's also on

Portrait of a lady: Maggi's dual shaded lavender chiffon strapless ball gown is by Ceil Chapman; the lavender suede gloves were brought from Paris by Maggi's father-in-law.





With her blue and white checked suit, Maggi wears a white velveteen hat by John Frederics; below, a top and side skirt of pale blue satin over a pleated white silk chiffon skirt. Blue gloves match exactly.



dressed woman

Talent Search, Mon., 10:30 P.M. EST, WNBT, as Vim's Motorola Hostess.

Twenty-month-old Randy, though blonde like her mother, more closely resembles Jack.

Suitcases subbed for garden furniture whe

Playtime with parents is fun for any little girl. For Randy Paar it's doubly so, what with a father like Jack.





Jack Paar emcees The $64 Question, heard Sun., 10 P.M. EST, NBC. Sponsor: R.C.A. Victor.

THE MAN I MARRIED

He wanted success, yes—but not at all costs. This is the story of a man who balks at compromise. "And you can't change him!" says his wife. Nor does she want to

By Mrs. Jack Paar

My husband, Jack Paar, is an explosive mixture. Life is never dull, or even calm, with a man who is burningly ambitious, and yet unwilling to compromise so much as a quarter of an inch on any matter of principle, no matter what the stakes in money, fame, or prestige. . . .

Who puts on a confident front which some people—including assorted high army brass—have resented as cockiness, and yet is somehow deeply unsure of his ground. . . .

Who loves his friends passionately (as passionately as he hates his enemies) and gets the same kind of unquestioning devotion (or unrelieved rage) in return, and yet goes out of his way to avoid meeting new people, making new friends. . . .

Who left home and school to go out on his own at the age of sixteen, a rugged individualist even in adolescence, and who yet found common ground, a common wry joke, and a common language with ten million anonymous GIs.

The man is a mass of contradictions, black and white at once, laughing and weeping at once. . . .

And, if I may annotate all this with a personal observation, being married to such a fellow is an adventure—and a challenge—to a little girl who was brought up safe and sheltered in the conservative Pennsylvania-Dutch tradition.

I grew up in Hershey, Pennsylvania, went to the public schools there, studied piano at the conservatory, went on to the University of Virginia to get my Bachelor of Arts degree. My mother is a member of the old-line Hershey family, "the chocolate family" as the townspeople know them. My father, who was in business when my sister and I were growing up, now has retired to our four-hundred-acre place three miles out of town which he farms in a gentlemanly fashion, keeping up his contacts in town through his clubs and through his responsible position in Republican politics.

My sister, Katharine, (*Continued on page* 87)

the Paars first moved to Hollywood.



Now their house in the hills is completely furnished; Jack built the nursery himself.





HEARTY—AND HEAVENLY!



By NANCY CRAIG • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EST. Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

A perfect meal to us is a boiled dinner. Use the bone to flavor a tureen of black bean soup; serve with it a slice of cheese bread oozing with butter and you'll bless the boiled dinner all over again. My husband's favorite is boiled beef smothered in horseradish sauce. Shortly after we were married, I introduced him to pot roast. This he didn't like. "Let's have roast beef or boiled beef," he said, "not this in-between stuff."

I find these boiled dinners thrifty and easy to fix. Dumplings or noodles and a bowl of crisp green salad complete the meal. And the leftovers go into other—equally delicious—dinners.

The bone from day-before - yesterday's boiled dinner comes to the table deliciously disguised as the flavor-basis of black bean soup.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

1 cup dried black beans
1 quart cold water
½ medium onion, sliced
1 stalk celery, diced
2 tablespoons butter
1½ teaspoons flour
bone from cooked meat
1½ teaspoons lemon juice
¾ teaspoon salt
dash of pepper, cayenne, mustard

Wash beans well. Place in a saucepan with 1 quart water and soak overnight. Then drain. Melt 1½ teaspoons of the butter in a skillet. Add onion and celery and cook 5 minutes over moderate heat, stirring occasionally. Add to beans. Cover generously with water. Add bone. Cover and simmer 3 hours or until beans are done. Add more water if necessary as it cooks away. Remove bone. Put through sieve or food mill. Reheat to boiling point. Stir in lemon juice, salt and spices. Melt remaining butter. Blend in flour. Gradually add to soup, stirring until smooth. Cook 5 minutes. Garnish with lemon slices and pimiento. Makes 6 servings.

BOILED BEEF WITH HORSERADISH SAUCE

3-4 lbs. beef, brisket, plate, neck, heel of round or chuck
1 tablespoon salt
1 carrot, sliced
3 stalks celery, cut up
3 stalks parsley
1 onion, sliced

Wipe meat with a damp cloth. Place in a large saucepan. Barely cover with boiling water. Bring to a quick boil, skim if necessary. Add salt and vegetables. Cover and simmer gently 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Pour off broth and strain, skimming off fat. Slice meat and arrange on platter. Serve with Horseradish Sauce. Makes 8 servings.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups hot beef broth, strained
2 tablespoons light cream or top milk
4 tablespoons horseradish

Melt butter in a saucepan. Blend in flour. Remove from heat and stir in hot broth. Return to heat and continue cooking over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Stir in cream and horseradish. Makes 2 cups sauce.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE

1 4 lb. fowl, cut for stewing
1 cup flour
1½ teaspoons celery salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon ginger
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup rice (raw)
½ cup white wine
2 cups milk
½ cup onions, sliced thin

Remove pinfeathers from chicken and wash well. Combine flour and seasonings. Turn each piece of chicken in flour. Melt butter in a large skillet. Brown chicken quickly. Remove (*Continued on page 71*)

RADIO MIRROR TELE



The Waring brand of music takes to TV like the proverbial duck to water; Jane Wilson and the chorus demonstrate that their charms are visual as well as vocal.



Daisy, the Quartet (Ray Sax, Bob Bollinger, Jack Best and Clyde Sechler) with Fred.



Piano practice for Virginia Manley, Livingston Gearhart; lyric briefing for Daisy.





Musician, teacher, engineer, architect—he's all of these. But those who work for him will tell you that first and foremost he's a wonderful guy!

My Boss—, FRED WARING

By DAISY BERNIER

The first time I met Fred Waring was at an audition—my own. I was part of a trio dancing and doing a little singing in a Chicago supper club. Fred and the Pennsylvanians were playing the Palace. Some of his boys dropped in at our club and told him about us, and he had us come over to the theatre. We were terribly nervous because this was something we had hoped for and dreamed about for a long, long time.

Fred greeted us, and then did the sort of tactful, thoughtful thing I have since found is commonplace with him. He invited us into his dressing room, turned the conversation away from show business, and began to tell us about the Waring Blendor he had perfected and marketed. I remember how he threw some peaches into the Blendor and let us taste the smooth, dreamy concoction. Then he led us to talk about ourselves and, finally, to show him what we could do.

Of course, I practically passed out after the audition, but by that time getting scared again didn't matter. Fred had said he wanted us as soon as he went back to radio. In the meantime, I was offered a part in a Broadway musical. So the boys took another girl into the act temporarily. When Fred called them for the Chesterfield Hour I was still in the show, but he said I could come later. That was ten years ago, and I have been with Fred and the Pennsylvanians ever since.

The show's debut on television last year was a first for most of us. (*Continued on page* 74)

The Fred Waring Show is televised Sundays, 9 P.M. EST, CBS-TV. Sponsored by General Electric.



Sid Caesar, star of Your Show of Shows, NBC-TV.

The HYPO

Surprise package: preview, posed especially for you,

The talk of TV is Sid Caesar's pantomiming every Saturday night on the hour-and-a-half program that brings you famous guest emcees, opera stars who warble their way through classics or pop, ballet dancers and comedy skits—a little something for everyone. Sid's



1. Mrs. and Mr. settle down for a nice, quiet evening. She sews, he scans headlines. He's had a good day at the office, and is feeling great.



2. "Daddy, you sneezed!" the little woman exclaims. "It's nothing," he comforts her. "Just a kick-back from too much pepper in the wiener schnitzel."



5. "Daddy, now you hiccuped! Have you got a chill? Can you stand the ride to the hospital? Should I call a specialist?" Says he, gloomily, "Hic-cup!"



6. "Boo! I'll bet I scared away the nasty old hics! You say I nearly gave you heart failure? Well, that just goes to show how sick you really are!"

Your Show of Shows, NBC-TV Saturda
sponsors are Snow Crop, Benrus, Scot

CHONDRIAC

another hilarious Caesar-Coca pantomime!

partner in pantomime is a hundred pounds of ceaseless energy named Imogene Coca, and together there's hardly a domestic situation they haven't burlesqued in the course of the season. Maybe the little scene below's from *your* home.



Imogene Coca, featured comedienne, Your Show of Shows.



3. "Daddy, you sneezed again! I know it's pneumonia. Is your head hot? Let me feel your pulse. Oh, I can just see them rolling in the oxygen tent!"



4. "It's only pepper, I tell you. Take that thermometer away. I never felt better in my life. What are you trying to do, anyway, make me sick?"



7. "I blew something in your eye when I jumped at you? Well, just you hold still while Mommie takes the horrid old speck out of Daddy's eye."



8. Evening's end. Mr. still mutters "pepper" at intervals. Mrs. sews happily—didn't she save him from pneumonia? Or worse? Or even worse?

hts, 9:00-10:30, EST. Participating,



She knew she was coming, so she baked a cake. Visitors bring Ed gifts and goodies, eyed hungrily by the staff.



Midway in the program, Ed sits down and reads a bit of poetry he thinks the studio and home audiences will like. Lee listens in, too, while the Cy Coleman trio provides a bit of appropriate background music.





The lady is in the audience, but tenor troubador Lee Sullivan singles

DATE in

Meet Ed Herlihy and Lee Sullivan, two men who manage to have more dates in one day than most fellows do in a lifetime!

Safety in numbers? Sure, says Ed Herlihy, who dates several hundred women five mornings a week in a New York television studio. Sometimes a husband comes along as chaperon. That's fine with Ed. Often they bring the kids too. The cameramen go slightly mad trying to catch them all, since it's a highly mobile, unrehearsed performance. Lee Sullivan strolls about with his mike until he finds a pretty girl to sing to. Ed gets some audience members to do little stunts, or just get up and exchange a bit of banter, and there are always a couple of well-known guests to do a spot of entertaining. The program began last summer in Central Park, moved indoors when leaves began to fall. Featured on the show was breakfast under the trees, and happily the coffee and cake have now moved right along indoors!

r out as the girl he most wants to sing to on this particular morning. All part of a gay, informal hour on TV.

MANHATTAN





Besides presiding over Date, Ed's done the same for Sunday Children's Hour past ten years, announces the Kraft TV Theatre and on radio, newsreels. That's Welcome Travelers' Tommy Bartlett, a welcomed guest.

Date in Manhattan, with Ed Herlihy, is heard every morning, Monday through Friday, from 11 to 12, EST, on WNBT. Participating sponsors are Savarin, Quaker Oats, MacLevy Dance Studio, Solomarx and Vitrex.

The



1. Clay approaches banker Stephen Long for help in financing a housing project. Clay and his secretary, Carole, don't know that Long has been seeing Clay's wife secretly and encouraging her in her unjustified suspicions of Clay and Carole.



2. Babs happens into Clay's office to witness what seems like an intimate conversation between Clay and his secretary.

Here's television's first

successful daytime serial — the

story of everyday people,

their everyday fight for a place

in this complicated life

This is the story of Babs and Clay Jonathon, two people who, although they are deeply in love, are badly matched. It's the story of a man's ambition and his wife's craving for affection—the story we often see in our neighbors, in the faces of people we pass on the street. And it is a story that might happen to any of us, for it is part of the human makeup to like to feel misunderstood!

Clay Jonathon is a fairly successful architect. He has done well financially, doesn't do so well in understanding *Babs,* his wife, who is basically a spoiled child—a good woman who thinks she'd like to be bad. *Carole Hansen,* Clay's secretary, is the kind of person every woman would like to be—beautiful, loyal, efficient. She would have been a better wife to Clay than Babs, and Babs knows it! Carole is in love with Clay, but that is her secret. Although there is nothing between Carole and Clay, Babs suspects that there is. *Stephen Long,* with whom Babs has become involved, is a cheat in every sense of the word. Babs has known him since before she married Clay; he gives her admiration she craves. *Marge* and *Eddie Evans* are the couple who live next door—young, happy, and in love.

The Jonathon Story is televised on WMAR, Baltimore; WNAC, Boston; WEWS, Cleveland; WXYZ, Detroit; WBNS, Columbus; KLAC, Los Angeles; WPTZ, Philadelphia; KSTD, Minneapolis; KSL, Salt Lake City. Consult your local paper for times.

Jonathon story



3. Marge and Eddie warn Clay about Long, for whom Eddie works. Babs fears that her meetings with Long will be revealed.



4. Long tells Babs he'll finance Clay's project if she will "do as he orders." Fearing Clay will find out, she agrees.



5. But Long offers Clay so high an interest rate that Clay refuses in anger, says that he'll seek backing elsewhere.



6. Clay, having discovered Babs' friendship with Long, demands an explanation. She refuses, orders him out. He leaves.



7. Long tells Eddie a trumped-up story about Clay's refusal of his offer. When Eddie doesn't believe it, Long fires him.



8. Marge says Babs brought it all on by deceiving Clay. Babs slaps her, ending —temporarily, at least—the friendship

NONSENSE AND

JANUARY . . . and to start the New Year wrong, a terrible thought comes to me: as I write this, quite a while in advance, the Old Farmers' Almanac for 1951 hasn't yet arrived! What'll I do? The O.F.A. is my tried and trusted friend. Make haste, publishers of same and get me out of this lurch in which you've left me! . . . Is your situation the same as mine, come the first of each year? About resolutions, I mean. All year long, I note assorted bad habits in myself which ought to be corrected. (And those I don't note, my family and friends are kind enough to point out.) But just let January 1 arrive; and I can't think of one single thing to resolve not to do. Let a month pass and I'll have a list as long as your arm—but then it'll be too late, thank goodness.

READERS' OWN VERSE—

Stuffed and Nonsense
(To an Owl in the Library)

In native haunts
Illiterate birds
Colloquially
Misuse their words.
"To Whit, To Who?"
Not in this room!
The owl now says,
"To Whit, To Whom."

—Dan Kelly

LITTLE LEXICON

(Learn-a-word-a-day division): If you were to hear a *tintinnabulation*, you wouldn't put your hands over your ears or else you'd miss the sound of sleigh bells or of delicate glasses meeting or of fairy feet, for tintinnabulation means "a tinkling." . . . Does your young daughter dream of being a *coryphee?* No, don't suggest packing her off to the psychiatrist—a coryphee is a ballet dancer, a dream in the head of many a young'un these days. . . . A meal, for me, isn't complete without a *potable*. In other words, something to drink—and not, as many people believe, an alcoholic beverage, but anything drinkable, such as coffee or tea or milk.

JOHN BURROUGHS SAID IT:

"I am in love with this world; by my constitution I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been home. It has been my point of outlook into the universe. I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly . . . When I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul . . . I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings."



Art Linkletter emcees House Party, M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsor—Pillsbury Mills. Life With Linkletter is seen Fridays at 7:30 P.M.EST, ABC-TV. Sponsor—Green Giants.

SOME-SENSE

By ART LINKLETTER

A LITTLE LEARNING

As you're tossing out the Christmas decorations, here's something to ponder: In parts of England and Germany, the prickly variety of holly is known as he-holly, the smooth variety as she-holly. It was a belief in Derbyshire that the kind of holly brought into the house at Christmas time would determine who would be the master for the next year—smooth holly, the wife would dominate the household; prickly holly, the husband would hold the reins. Somebody gave Lois a book for Christmas on interesting facts about flowers and plants—I don't just dig this stuff out of a bottomless supply of knowledge. Pretty interesting book, too. I'll pass along some of the stuff she finds—and reads aloud to me—from it. For instance, if you'd like to know the flower for January and the sentiment it's supposed to convey, here you are: flower—carnation; sentiment—constancy. Even tells the birthstone, too, for good measure, it's the garnet. Handy, eh?

* * *

MIND YOUR MANNERS DEPT. (Law Enforcement Division): If you're a bit sloppy in the etiquette line, stay away from St. Louis—the law plainly states that in that fair city it's illegal to sit on a curb and drink beer out of a bucket.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY

Linkletter (to 11-year-old boy): What do you like to do best?

Boy: Go shooting.

Linkletter: That's a good hobby. Where do you go?

Boy: Oh, usually to the mountains.

Linkletter: And what's your favorite game? What do you shoot?

Boy: Old tin cans.

* * *

QUICK QUIZ:

(1) Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant fought on the same side in (a) the Civil War (b) the war with Mexico (c) the Spanish-American War . . . (2) Charles A. Lindbergh made his famous New York-to-Paris flight in (a) 1923 (b) 1927 (c) 1929 . . . (3) The largest state east of the Mississippi River (area, not population) is (a) Georgia (b) West Virginia (c) New York. (Answers upside down at the bottom of the page.)

* * *

STOP AND THINK—

Pedestrians account for about two-thirds of all urban traffic accidents each year, and about one out of six persons killed in rural traffic accidents is a pedestrian. In cities, the peak in pedestrian deaths comes in December. So remember, especially this time of year—*use your head when you use your feet!*

IT HAPPENED IN:

1587—Mary, Queen of Scots, was executed—ostensibly for treason, actually because she was a threat to the throne of Queen Elizabeth . . . *1611*—The authorized version of the English Bible, ordered by James I seven years before, was published; it reconciled discrepancies in several earlier versions, became the basic Protestant Bible . . . *1777*—Washington defeated the British at Princeton on January 3.

ANSWERS FOR QUICK QUIZ

1. (b) the war with Mexico
2. (b) 1927
3. (a) Georgia

"There's



Perhaps it was time, Chichi thought, to talk this over with Papa David. And yet, what was there to discuss? Cal hadn't said anything—nothing definite—and she wasn't yet sure of her own heart.

only you...

Should a woman be strong, a help to the man she loves? Or is it better to cling, let him believe that all strength comes from him?

I keep telling myself that the whole trouble was that I stepped off my own home territory. Let's face it, I'm a New York girl born and bred —an East Side New York girl. In New York I know what's what. When I go out on a date, for instance, I know pretty much what's going to happen—a guy will take me out to dinner at some little place, and after that we'll go somewhere, maybe the Sapphire Room, and dance a while, and when he takes me home he might get a little smoochy, maybe, but the kind of fellows I go out with I can be pretty certain it'll be just a *very* little smoochy. And a good time is had by all.

But you take this New York girl, now, and set her down in Texas of all places. Put her in a big, beautiful ranch house at a tremendous party with the champagne flowing like mad, and after a while take her out of the party and have her walk up a hill. Not alone, you understand. With her is six feet two of Texas ranch hand, with smoky blue eyes and black hair and a guitar and a voice that would melt your spine. Like Gregory Peck plus Bing Crosby, you might say. And over all this a moon such as they have (they tell me) only in Texas, and I can believe it because the little white balloon that goes up over the East River every night never looked like that to me.

That's exactly the way it was the night Tex Burton gave his big party to celebrate his daughter Kitten's engagement to Toby Nelson. Papa David and I went all the way down to Texas just for that, because Toby claimed he wouldn't feel engaged if we weren't there to celebrate with him. We're about all the family Toby has, Papa David and I—some ways closer than a real family because we all picked each other out. I mean Toby and I got closer than a real brother and sister when we were a couple of lonesome, practically homeless kids hanging around by the wharves and sort of bringing each other up, and when I



Life Can Be Beautiful is heard Mon.-Fri. at 3 P.M., EST, over NBC stations, sponsored by Procter & Gamble's Tide.



CHICHI CONRAD

"THERE'S ONLY ONE YOU..."

wandered into Papa David's Book Shop one night and Papa David ended up by adopting me, naturally Toby's been in and out of the place ever since. So when he called long distance and said we had to come to his engagement party, we had to come. That's how I happened to land out there under the moon with Cal Duncan. That's how the trouble started.

It didn't seem like trouble at the time. It didn't seem very important, even—just an awfully sweet guy with a nice voice singing to me under the moon. A guy without too much conceit, I thought, because when I told him how much I liked his voice he was almost too grateful. He kept saying, "Do you *really*, Miss Conrad? Do you honestly think it's a good voice?"

I was puzzled by his eagerness. After all, so I think it's a good voice—so what? Who am I to judge if it's good or not? "It's just my opinion," I told him. "But the way you sing that song about 'Only One of Me'—that's good. Anyway, I've noticed all the others around here keep calling for you to sing all the time. That's pretty convincing."

Cal Duncan sighed. "Oh sure, but that's only down here," he said. "Now you're from a big town, you've heard the best. If *you* think I'm good . . ."

Well, with the moon and all, I wasn't thinking very clearly that night, or I'd surely have seen where the talk was heading. It wouldn't have taken much brains to see the guy was stagestruck, and I'd have maybe kept my big mouth shut about knowing Barry Markham, the Broadway producer. I didn't boast, of course, but I was just trying to make Cal feel good and show I was taking an interest in him. And Papa David wasn't around to look thoughtful and say, "Now leben, is it the right thing to do, to encourage this young man to think you have connections that will help him. . . ?" Dopey Chichi, they better call me. Big-hearted but short-sighted.

Because naturally, what do you think happened? We weren't back in New York a week before Cal Duncan turned up, complete with guitar, cowboy hat, big ideas—and little money.

Startled was a mild word for what I felt when I saw him. At first it didn't quite sink in that he had practically come all the way from Texas to our doorstep, but as we sat around drinking coffee and talking, the picture began to clear up, and that was when I began to get more than startled. We, Papa David and I, were his friends in New York City! His *only* friends. When he was ready to come, he just packed up, got on a bus, went to a hotel and dropped his bags and his guitar, and came straight downtown to see us. The fact that we'd only known each other so briefly down in Texas—in fact, Papa David hardly knew him at all—didn't seem to bother Cal at all. He felt friendly toward us, so naturally we were his friends.

He was right in one way; you couldn't help feeling warm and friendly toward those nice blue eyes and that big, confiding grin of his. What worried me was that as he told us about how he'd saved up and so on I began to realize that he wasn't just making a pleasure trip to the big town. He was seeking his fortune, like they do in books. And as Cal saw it, his fortune lay in show business. After a while Papa David looked at me and I looked at him and it was plain to both of us that Cal Duncan's main reason for coming to New York was to get me to introduce him to Barry Markham.

"You see, Mr. Solomon, I've been hankering to come here all my life and try my luck singing. Never did get up the gumption till I met Miss Chichi down home." He looked at me, and suddenly I felt like patting him on the head. Or maybe like smoothing his hair, which in one spot stood straight up like a little boy's. "And when Miss Chichi was so encouraging, I made up my mind now was the time. I had to wait to get a couple weeks more pay saved up, and then I hustled me onto a bus. And here I am." He took a long gulp of coffee and sighed. "I been walking all over town all day, trying to get the hang of it. Sure is a busy place."

Oh, I thought. Oh, me! He might as well have pointed a long accusing finger and said right out, "Chichi Conrad, if it hadn't been for you I wouldn't be here. So you've got to do something to help me."



Lisé Martaine—so lovely and so worldly, so very sure of herself.

Papa David interrupted my uneasy thoughts. "Chichi leben, don't bite your nails," he said gently. "Also I think Mr. Cal could use another piece of coffeecake."

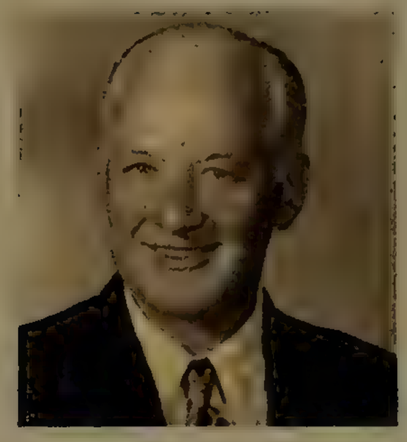
I jumped up. "There's something else I want to do first," I said briskly. "Cal, what hotel are you at?"

He pulled an old envelope from his pocket. "It's written down here—the Statler. Real fancy place, but—"

"Expensive." I nodded. Here at least was something I *could* do. "I'm going to call Mrs. Calucchi's rooming house and get her to give you a room. Then you can save some on rent anyway." I went right out to the phone, partly because I wanted to get Mrs. Calucchi before she went to bed but more because I wanted to avoid the almost pleading look in Cal's eyes. I knew what he was thinking. The room, that didn't matter. He'd sleep in the park if it came to that. It was Barry he wanted to know about—my big producer contact. Could I get him in to see Barry Markham or couldn't I—that was what his eyes were asking. And in spite of the years I've known Barry, in spite of knowing that Barry was in love with me, I couldn't answer that question offhand. I'd never asked him to do anything like this for me before—anything that leaned over (*Continued on page* 82)

Enjoy Your Vegetables!

By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR
Noted Nutritionist



Vegetables, like diamonds, are a woman's best friend. It's all in the way you prepare them

"The trouble with reducing diets is that you must eat so many vegetables," women complain, "and the trouble with vegetables is that they taste horrible without butter or rich sauces."

But there's an answer to this: the American woman with her imagination and creative talents has made herself the most attractive, chic female in the world. If she would put the same imagination into the preparation of low-calorie foods, she will find there are more different kinds of tasty vegetable dishes than there are different women's hats.

This may sound like a brash statement since few men have ever seen two women wearing the same hat. But it is true. First, I'll remind you that vegetables are among the richest sources of vitamins and minerals. Everyone needs vegetables but they are the particular friends of overweight people, for vegetables contain fat-destroying enzymes that help turn those excess bulges into working energy.

"But to be truthful," women have been heard to say, "I shudder at the mere mention of cooked vegetables."

And with little wonder. The way many vegetables are prepared, they taste like boiled cardboard. Each day thousands of cooks commit mayhem on the plant kingdom. And only because they have not put the same thought into side dishes as they do into the main course.

Consider that there are about fifty tasty members of the plant kingdom used in cooking—how many have you eaten? This is the first test of whether you have taken (*Continued on page 77*)

Victor Lindlahr's expert comment on food and health is heard Monday through Friday at 10:45 A.M. EST on ABC. Sponsored by Serutan.

Daytime Diary

AUNT JENNY



Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M. EST

Are country doctors born or made? Aunt Jenny had her own opinion recently when she told the story of young Dr. Bill Martin, who became the aging Dr. Allen's assistant. Dr. Bill found Littleton and its outlying areas a rewarding section in which to practice, but his wife Denise, confident that Bill was destined for a bigger, more glamorous, higher-paid place in medicine, refused to become a part of Littleton and never ceased urging Bill to keep looking out for a better post. One stormy night, with Bill out on a confinement case, Denise suddenly found herself responsible for a man's life. What she learned then about a country doctor's importance she never afterward forgot.

BRIGHTER DAY



Liz Dennis
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EST

The plane accident that almost cost Hollywood producer Nathan Eldredge his life ends by gaining him something he values nearly as much—Elizabeth Dennis. The news of Nathan's illness, coming just as Liz decided they could never be happy together, started a chain of circumstances that led her back to Hollywood and eventually to a reversal of her decision. She and Nathan are going to be married. The news that they may lose Liz has a profound effect on the rest of the Dennis family. But the news that follows has them even more upset, for with Nathan's return to health will come problems that he and Liz never foresaw—and may not be able to resolve.

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Larry Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M. EST

Police investigation of the murder of Oliver Wilson, whose body was found backstage after the curtain on Larry Noble's play, climaxes with Larry's arrest. Mary, his wife, frantic with fear that circumstantial evidence may convict Larry of a crime of which she knows he is innocent, turns for help to wealthy Rupert Barlow. Barlow, in love with Mary, is secretly delighted at the opportunity to pursue his plans for breaking up Mary's marriage. He hires a lawyer and gives every evidence of eagerness to help Larry. Mary, pathetically grateful to Barlow, does not know that in reality he has influenced the lawyer against Larry Noble. What will happen to Larry now?

DAVID HARUM



David Harum
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M. EST

David Harum's interest in the lives and families of his neighbors in Homeville goes far beyond merely wishing them well. When he becomes aware of tangled family situations—like the one that has developed in the home of his friend Roger Marshall—David cannot stand by and see the growth of misery without trying to help. He has taken a liking to Roger's niece Betty, who is visiting the Marshalls, and is disturbed that she has innocently aroused fierce jealousy in Roger's flighty socialite wife, Helen, and their daughter Celia. Watching the jealousy turn to actual hatred, David wonders how—or if—he can prevent a tragic outcome for the Marshalls.

BIG SISTER



Dr. John Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M. EST

The strange struggle between Ruth Wayne and the wealthy Parker approaches a climax as Parker begins more and more to confuse Ruth with the woman who exercised a mysterious power over some period of his past. Knowing that Parker's neurotic craving for control over others has already caused suffering to several of her friends, Ruth tries desperately to convince her brother, Neddie, that if he hopes to save his marriage to Hope he must sever all ties with Parker, in spite of the tempting financial assistance Parker has given him. Finally the situation becomes so intense that Neddie agrees to look for another job—but how deeply is Hope involved with Parker?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



David Farrell
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M. EST

David Farrell, star reporter for the New York *Daily Eagle*, is instantly suspicious when he is assigned to cover a murder story which he refers to as the "Blinding Light Murder Case." The dreadful killing of the head of a model agency appears to be an open and shut case, and police are about to arrest the person toward whom suspicion points when David begins his own investigation. David's reaction to the evidence is that it is *too* open and shut, and points so inevitably in one direction that it looks very much as though it was designed to point that way. The conclusion he reaches surprises the police but David's evidence convinces them of its correctness.

Here's your RADIO MIRROR guide

to daytime drama—information on

plot, characters, time and station

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL



Toby Nelson
heard on
NBC 3 P.M. EST

The break-up of Chichi's romance with Cal Duncan has left her in a strange state of mind—one that Papa David is rather worried about. She has decided she wants nothing but fun, and is pursuing her fun in ways that make Papa David nervous—for instance, in an intensified friendship with night-club owner Coleman Reynolds, suave, sophisticated, and with certain mysterious connections in the underworld that hold great interest for Assistant D.A. Craig Roberts. How much truth is there in the analysis that her friend Alice made of Chichi when she said that she thought Chichi turned instinctively to older men because of her respect for Papa David?

GUIDING LIGHT



Ray Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EST

After the death of her son Chuckie, and her own arrest for the murder of her husband Ted White, Meta White submits without resistance to arrest, imprisonment, the possibility that she may have to pay the extreme penalty for Ted's death. Her friends Charlotte and Ray Brandon try to plan a fight for her, but Ray, as Meta's lawyer, finds that she doesn't care what happens—doesn't care whether she lives or dies. But gradually the terrible pressure coming upon her from every side reawakens her will to live. Ray begins to hope that they have a chance. Will reporter Joe Roberts, who has become absorbed in the case, be the one to break it wide open?

LORENZO JONES



Sandy Matson
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EST

An outfit called the Canadian Tracers of Missing Heirs has informed Lorenzo that he may be heir to a large fortune. It looks as if they know what they are talking about when the head of the agency, Lord Cyril Edgerton, comes to town personally to make a further investigation of Lorenzo's claim to the money, and climaxes his visit by giving Lorenzo a large check. Lorenzo, beginning to believe that maybe miracles do happen, innocently deposits this check in the local bank, but at this point the bank's president, Mr. Dillings, begins to interest himself in the situation. Just what Lorenzo has become involved in may take some fancy figuring out.

HILLTOP HOUSE



Grace Dolben
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M. EST

As head matron of the Glendale orphanage, Hilltop House, Julie Paterno has a record of considerable success in dealing with the problems of children. But lately she has been confronted with a situation that requires unusually careful handling, when teenage Pixie, bitter over the discovery that her father died in jail, falls in with a fast high school crowd whose activities are dangerously close to the borderline between recklessness and delinquency. Worried about Pixie, Julie finds little time to devote to the relationship between herself and Hilltop's young Dr. Jeff—a relationship into which Jeff would like to instill a more romantic note.

MA PERKINS



Evey Fitz
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EST

Family loyalty has placed Ma Perkins in a dangerous situation. Her cousins, the Hammachers, manage to upset her household, almost gain control of her lumberyard, come close to wrecking her friendship with Shuffle Shober—all because Ma is unwilling to listen to Shuffle's insistent warnings that they are crooks. Young cousin Sylvester in fact comes close to getting Ma's daughter Fay to marry him—Fay being a widow with a fortune. At this Shuffle really goes to work and manages to build up a case, with proof, that even Ma cannot refuse to believe, though Ed and Sylvester are very fast thinkers. But what about Ma's affection for Cousin Bonita, who just isn't very smart?

JUST PLAIN BILL



Bill Davidson
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M. EST

The illness of Bill's daughter Nancy, upsetting enough in itself, looks as though it may lead to the disruption of her previously happy marriage to lawyer Kerry Donovan. For in Nancy's absence the Donovan household is cared for by Theresa Blake, whose sharp young brother, Vincent, has his own reasons for trying to break up the marriage of Nancy and Kerry. With Nancy, in the hospital, listening to all of Vincent's lies, Bill is seriously worried that his best efforts may not be enough to patch things up between Nancy and Kerry—particularly after Dr. Leonard Drew admits that he loves Nancy, confirming the bitter accusation of his ex-wife, Vivian.

NONA FROM NOWHERE



Vernon Dutell
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EST

Because of the unexpectedly poor reaction to the first film starring his protegee, Nona Brady, producer Vernon Dutell is in a shaky position at Palladium Studios. Knowing this, Nona is further disturbed as Kay Lanier, an old flame of Vernon's, continues her efforts to ruin his romance with Nona. At the same time Nona's foster father, Pat Brady, appears to have become strangely and deeply involved with the glamorous Countess Zelda, which is exactly what the Countess has been trying to get him to do ever since they met. Nona's life may become even more complicated when she learns the Countess's reasons for wanting Pat under her spell.

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Lord Henry
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EST

The urgent appeal of Lord Henry's uncle, Lord Percy, which brought Henry and Sunday to England, has resulted in their embroilment with a gang of international jewel thieves. Learning of the possibility that his old friend, Diane Caulfield, may be the head of this gang, Henry urges Sunday to return to the States so that she will not remain in the way of trouble, but Sunday is upset because she knows that Henry was once romantically interested in Diane. Believing that Sunday will leave, Diane's uncle Arnold and her husband Bruce, the real thieves, plant valuable jewels in her luggage. But Sunday changes her mind, unknowingly placing herself in grave danger.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Mother Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EST

Sam Young has lived a respected, happy life in Elmwood. It seems impossible to his son Pepper that anyone can take seriously the accusation made by the bank watchman, Michael Flaherty, that it was Sam who struck him down at the time the bank was robbed. Mike's accusation and his death lead to Sam's arrest, and Pepper incredulously realizes that he has a real fight on his hands to prove his father's innocence. He does not yet suspect to what extent the man named Gil is involved, or the full complications of Gil's association with Ivy Trent, wealthy mother of Carter Trent, to whom Peggy Young is married. There is a shock ahead for Pepper as he fights to clear his father.

PERRY MASON



Della Street
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EST

Cautiously and cleverly, with each step carefully plotted beforehand, Perry Mason tracks a relentless way through the criminal underpaths of a big city in his pursuit of "Mr. Big," the man at the top—the man who holds in his bloodstained hands the key to all the dreadful secrets of the underworld. Perry knows he is on the right track when reporter Helen Henderson, under the name of Helen Hunt, manages to ingratiate herself with Allyn Whitlock, who, Perry is certain, is very close to the head of the crime ring. When Helen, through Allyn, gets a job in a certain organization, Perry begins to lay plans for closing in on his prey. But danger threatens Helen from all sides.

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Portia
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M. EST

After their recent near-tragic separation, Walter and Portia Manning are together again in Parkerstown, but family finances and the destruction of their home by fire make it essential that Portia resume her legal work to help them rebuild. Despite the fact that Walter appears to be on the way to re-establishing his own newspaper career, he is still depressed at the thought that his wife must work to help support the family, and the strain is intensified when Portia takes on the case of Mickey Mollyer, accused of killing his ex-wife, Lois. When Walter becomes a witness for the prosecution, he and Portia find a serious barrier rising between them.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Carolyn Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EST

Carolyn Kramer's desperate attempt to regain custody of her son, Skippy, has resulted in her doing something that places her in danger of legal punishment. Knowing that her ex-husband, Dwight, will stop at almost nothing to keep Skippy in spite of the youngster's expressed wish to stay with Carolyn, she felt justified in making her rash gesture. But now that her fiance, Miles Nelson, has been elected governor, Carolyn faces extradition at the hands of the man she loves. During a secret interview, the constraint that has caused misunderstanding between Miles and Carolyn melts away, but now his career casts an increasing shadow over their love.

ROAD OF LIFE



Beth Lambert
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M. EST

Dr. Jim Brent's efforts to help Beth Lambert are crowned with success when Beth, though forced to pay for her part in the treasonous plots of the international criminal Rockwell, escapes bearing the full burden of the blame which Rockwell was trying, by faked evidence, to throw upon her. The jury does return the opinion that Beth should have revealed her knowledge of Rockwell's plan long before she did so. However Jim rejoices in the fact that he was able to save Beth from paying a terrible price for the mistake which she now bitterly regrets. Meanwhile Jim's interest in Jocelyn Mcleod intensifies as he learns more of the girl's peculiar family problems.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Helen Trent
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EST

Cynthia Swanson's efforts to prevent Helen's marriage to Gil Whitney have been successful—but will her success last as Helen begins to get friendly with Betty Mallory? Betty is the woman to whom, according to Cynthia, Gil was married during the war, and it is Gil's inability to prove this a lie that came between him and Helen. But as Helen and Betty get to know each other, Helen several times senses that Betty may be on the verge of confiding some secret which troubles her—a secret connected with Gil. Is Cynthia's intricate plot at last going to be exposed? Even if it is, will Helen and Gil ever come together again after the bitterness which now separates them.

ROSEMARY



Rosemary
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EST

Bill Roberts is a sick man. If Rosemary didn't realize this, she might not have been able to bring herself to try to rebuild their marriage after Bill nearly wrecked it by falling in love with Blanche Weatherby. But Bill is in a state of nerves bordering on breakdown, and Rosemary feels that pride would be out of place if by returning to Bill she can help him regain his health. However, she may not be able to survive the new crisis when Blanche's mother innocently reveals to Bill where her daughter is staying—and Bill reaches out once more toward the woman he can't seem to forget. Can Rosemary recover from this new blow—could any wife?

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Stan Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EST

Elizabeth Miller, bitter and unhappy, has started drinking again, the result of her conviction that she will never attract Jack Mason to herself because he is in love with Terry Burton. The rumors for which she is responsible spread until they reach Stan—and more important, Stan's mother, who beneath a superficial friendship with her daughter-in-law is pleased to learn anything to Terry's discredit. Meanwhile, confidence man Rupert Gorham's plot to get money out of the Burtons advances by leaps and bounds as he uses the gossip about Terry for his own purposes. Using Mother Burton as his unsuspecting dupe, Gorham lays some long-range plans.

WENDY WARREN



Don Smith
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EST

Wendy's romance with her managing editor, Don Smith, has come to a quiet end. At least so it appears, for Don is now thoroughly attached to the seductive, wealthy Kay Clement, and Wendy, working with Anton Kamp, is completely absorbed in the pursuit of industrialist George Selby, whose activities have begun to interest certain organizations within the government. In his own very mature way Anton is in love with Wendy, and the situation holds possibilities for her of which she is not yet fully aware, particularly since their work together on the paper brings Don and Wendy in constant intimate association. How is Kay Clements going to feel about this?

STELLA DALLAS



Stella Dallas
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M. EST

When Stella and Phil Baxter decide to get married, they had no suspicion of the widespread interest their plans would arouse. A series of "poison pen" letters designed to frighten Stella is her first intimation that somebody, somewhere, is anxious to keep her from marrying Phil. However, she and Phil go ahead with their preparations, unconscious of the fact that their enemies also are going ahead with theirs. Phil's stepsister Maxine, her fiance Clark Marshall, the wealthy Mrs. Grosvenor—how are all these people concerned with Stella's marriage? And what connection does Mrs. Grosvenor have with Jerry Lake, who offers to stop the marriage—for a price?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Joan Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M. EST

Pressed for money after Joan's illness, Harry Davis becomes involved with a group of promoters who are able to make him the innocent cat's paw in a get-rich-quick scheme. As far as Harry knows the oil that is discovered on his property will be absolutely bona fide. Only after he has lent his name to the sale of shares connected with this development will he learn that a fraud has been perpetrated. His reputation shattered and his financial position almost bankrupt, Harry is indeed in a desperate situation—not even the new Davis baby can serve to lighten his discouragement or help him to face the future with any degree of confidence.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Nora Drake
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M. EST

If nurse Nora Drake were a selfish person, she and Dr. Robert Seargent might be able to find happiness together. But Nora's feeling of responsibility toward the crippled Peg Martinson leads her to make a promise to Seargent's ex-wife, Vivian—the promise that she will give Seargent up if Vivian will agree to rebuild Peg's confidence in him to the point where he will be able to help her overcome the psychological block that keeps her from walking. On the verge of regaining her health, Peg is faced with something that may ruin her life forever. Fred Spencer, the chauffeur she has made a confidant, shows her what appears to be proof of a conspiracy against her.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Dr. Jerry Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M. EST

The long separation between Anne Malone and her husband Jerry is about to climax in divorce, and Anne is looking forward to a happy marriage with Sam Williams, when Jerry's sudden, serious illness disrupts all their plans. Completely disillusioned with Lucia Standish, his whole brilliant career in New York crumbling, Jerry appears to have no desire to live. When Anne remains in New York to nurse Jerry, Sam despondently returns to Three Oaks, cheered, but not convinced, by her insistence that she does not want him to step out of her life. Was the love which Jerry and Anne once shared so strong that it is capable of being revived?

WE LOVE AND LEARN



Madame Sophie
heard on
NBC 1:45 P.M. EST

Nancy Campbell is a nice girl and a pretty one—pretty enough to be a model at Madame Sophie's exclusive, expensive dress salon. Pretty enough, unfortunately, to attract the roving eye of stockbroker George Ashley, whose relationship with his wife Miriam has gradually drifted into tedious monotony, as far as he is concerned. Ironically enough, it is Miriam's attempt to bring George and herself closer by arranging that they do things together that results in George's meeting with Nancy. When Madame Sophie finds out just what is going on she may have something to say about George Ashley's rather loose attitude toward Miriam's and his marriage.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Ellen Brown
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M. EST

Ellen Brown, long a widow, plans some day to marry Dr. Anthony Loring, with whom she is very much in love. As the result of a complicated plot engineered by a couple of crooks, Ellen is placed in grave danger by a man who claims to be her former husband, William. Though she knows the man is an imposter, Ellen is unable to keep Anthony from becoming much upset at the idea that she may still be in love with William. In her confusion, Ellen turns for sympathy to wealthy Horace Steele, one of Simpsonville's successful businessmen. When Horace, in spite of being much older than Ellen, falls in love with her, her relationship with Anthony becomes more insecure.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Standard Time
For Correct Central Standard Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	String Quartet	Local Programs	Let There Be Music Foreign Reporter	The Garden Gate Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Wormwood Forest Lest We Forget Hudson Coal Miners	Elder Michaux Dixie Quartet Christian Science	Milton Cross Album Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art of Living News Highlights	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Negro College Choir	Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Faultless Starch Time UN is My Beat Solitair Time	Back to God Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartet Hour of Faith	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir Bill Shadel, News 11:35 Invitation to Learning

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Voices and Events Eternal Light	Kiwanis Choral Groups William Hillman Frank and Ernest	Music of the Day Piano Playhouse	People's Platform World Affairs News and News Analysis
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	First Freedom Chicago Roundtable	American Warblers Organ Moods Lutheran Hour	Sammy Kaye National Vespers	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orch.
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	The Catholic Hour American Forum of the Air	Top Tunes With Trendler Bill Cunningham Washington Reports	Hour of Decision Mr. President Drama	 The Symphonette
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Dimension X The Quiz Kids	Bobby Benson Hashknife Hartley	Music With the Girls The Lutheran Hour	Escape Make-Believe Town
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Falcon The Saint	Under Arrest Martin Kane Private Eye	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Earn Your Vacation Arthur Godfrey's Digest
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Counterspy Charlie Wild, Private Eye	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Author Meets the Critics The Greatest Story Ever Told	Meet Frank Sinatra World News

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Big Show	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Norman Brokenshire	Rate Your Mate Our Miss Brooks
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	 Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Peter Salem Juvenile Jury	Dick Wallace Show The Cliche Club	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Hedda Hopper Theater Guild on the Air	Singing Marshall Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Bergen-McCarthy Show Red Skelton
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	 	Opera Concert Gabriel Heatter George F. Eliot	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons American Album of Music	Meet Corliss Archer Horace Heidt
10:00 10:15 10:30	$64 Question NBC Theatre	Music of All Nations	Ginny Simms Jimmy Blaine Jackie Robinson	Contented Hour The Choraliers



BEA BENADARET—housekeeper on the Penny Singleton Show, also made famous the character of the telephone operator on Jack Benny's show.



MARY LOU HARRINGTON—Joan on One Man's Family, recently celebrated her tenth year on the show. The nineteen-year-old girl from Detroit, who is currently attending Los Angeles State College as a drama major, made her first professional appearance singing and dancing in vaudeville at two-and-a-half years.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
10:00 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Dave Garroway Hometowners Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind the Story Say It With Music	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Clyde Beatty	Jimmy Wakely Show Space Patrol 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Skyline Serenade Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn Echoes From the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Bobby Benson Crime Fighters 8:55 Bill Henry	Inner Sanctum Henry Taylor Una May Carlisle	Hollywood Star Playhouse Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	Murder By Experts War Front-Home Front	Martha Lou Harp Paul Harvey Johnny Desmond	Radio Theater
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	NBC Symphony	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	United or Not John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	My Friend Irma Bob Hawk



CHARLIE FLYNN—has grown up in radio from Jack Armstrong, All-American Boy, to Armstrong of the S. B. I. (ABC, 7:30 P.M. EST, Tues. and Thurs.). He began his air career when his mother took him to a Chicago studio for an audition and the station hired them both. (She is the author of the program Bachelor's Children.)

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Dave Garroway Hometowners Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind the Story	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Bobby Benson	Jimmy Wakely Show Superman 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Skyline Serenade Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness Echoes From the Tropics News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Armstrong of the SBI	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Calvacade of America Baby Snooks	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	Metropolitan Auditions Time For Defense	Mystery Theatre Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Fibber McGee & Molly	John Steel Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham Treasury Show	Life With Luigi Truth or Consequences
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Big Town People Are Funny	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	On Trial John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	Hit the Jackpot Capitol Cloakroom

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind the Story Say It With Music	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Byron Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Clyde Beatty	Jimmy Wakely Show Black Hawk 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Skyline Serenade Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy Great Gildersleeve	The Hidden Truth International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	Dr. I. Q. Bob Barclay, Undercover Agent	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Detour Manhattan Maharajah	Harold Peary Show Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	The Big Story Richard Diamond	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Lawrence Welk John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	Boxing



CLAUDIA MORGAN—daughter and niece of Ralph and Frank, respectively, has been acting since she was sixteen but never had a lesson in her life! A native New Yorker, she is renowned for her reading of Nora Charles on the Thin Man series and daytime audiences know her as Carolyn Kramer on Right to Happiness.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Jack Baker Show Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Victor H. Lindlahr	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch David Harum	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Dave Garroway Hometowners Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill Local Program	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind The Story Say It With Music	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Sky King 5:55 Bobby Benson	Jimmy Wakely Show Superman 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Skyline Serenade Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Armstrong of the SBI	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Father Knows Best	California Caravan Rod and Gun Club 8:55 Bill Henry	Screen Guild Players	FBI in Peace and War Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dragnet We, the People	Limerick Show Reporter's Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Robert Montgomery	Suspense James Hilton Playhouse
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Screen Director's Playhouse	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery This Is Europe	Hollywood By-Line John B. Kennedy 10:35 Symphonette	The Line Up One Nation Indivisible



MARTIN BLAINE—for some six years has been heard as Field Agent Sheppard of the FBI in Peace and War. His convincing characterization once resulted in the scaring off of some would-be thieves when he raised his voice instead of his hands, and he is continually bombarded by tips on alleged malefactors.



LARRY THOR—was born Arnleifur Lawrence Thorsteinson thirty-two years ago in the Icelandic village of Lundar, Manitoba and didn't learn English until he was seven. He became a CBS announcer on his arrival in Hollywood in 1946 and, last summer, got his first major acting job as Danny Clover on Broadway's My Beat.

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Walter Kiernan	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	 Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Dixieland Breakfast Club	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Break the Bank Jack Berch	Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Modern Romances Quick As A Flash	 Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Dave Garroway U. S. Marine Band Vincent Lopez	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Bands for Bonds	Johnny Olsen's Luncheon Club 12:25 Edwin C. Hill	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	 Dave Garroway George Hicks You Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Tony Fontaine & Co.	Baukhage Nancy Craig Art Baker's Notebook	Big Sister. Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Heatter's Mailbag Behind The Story	Welcome to Hollywood John B. Kennedy Peace of Mind	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Poole's Paradise	Chance of a Lifetime 3:25 Bryson Rash Hannibal Cobb Talk Back	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House House Party 3:55 Cedric Adams
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Recipe For Listening Ted Malone	Strike It Rich Music Matinee Treasury Bandstand
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mark Trail Clyde Beatty	Jimmy Wakely Show Space Patrol 5:55 Falstaff's Fables	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Skyline Serenade Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn The Playhouse News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Football Tomorrow Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Nero Wolfe The Man Called X	Dance Band Dance Orchestra 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Songs For Sale
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Nightbeat Duffy's Tavern	Army Air Force Show Vincent Lopez	Ozzie and Harriet The Sheriff	Up For Parole Broadway's My Beat
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Bill Stern	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Cavalcade of Sports John B. Kennedy	We Take Your Word Capitol Cloakroom

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Coffee in Washington	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York
9:15				
9:30	Boston Symphony in			Galen Drake
9:45	Rehearsal			Garden Gate
10:00	Mind Your Manners	Local Programs		Family Party
10:15				
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor	Leslie Nichols		Morton Downey
10:45	Show	Helen Hall		
11:00	Archie Andrews	U. S. Marine Band	New Junior Junction	News, Phil Shadel
11:15				11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Smilin' Ed Mc-	Georgia Crackers	Joe Franklin	Junior Miss
11:45	Connell		Democracy on the Job	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	Luncheon With Lopez		American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm and	Everett Holles	Navy Hour	Stars Over Holly-
1:15	Home Hour	Jerry & Skye		wood
1:30	Coast Guard on	Cumberland Valley	American Jazz	Give and Take
1:45	Parade	Barn Dance		
2:00	Voices Down the	Football	Metropolitan Opera	Music With the Girls
2:15	Wind			
2:30	U. S. Army Band			Football Roundup
2:45				
3:00	Football			
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00				
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00		True or False	Tea and Crumpets	
5:15				
5:30	Wayne Howell Show	Caribbean Crossroads		At The Chase
5:45			Club Time	

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Bob Warren	Music	Saturday Strings	News
6:15	Herman Hickman		Faith for the Future	Memo From Lake Success
6:30	First Piano Quartet	Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer	Sports Review
6:45		Helen Westbrook	Talking It Over	Larry Leseur
7:00	Living, 1950	Al Helfer, Sports	Robert R. Nathan	Yours Truly, Johnny
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Bert Andrews	Dollar
7:30	People Are Funny	Comedy of Error	Buzz Adair's	Vaughn Monroe
7:45		7:55 Cecil Brown	Playhouse	
8:00	Dangerous Assign-	Twenty Questions	Shoot the Moon	Gene Autry
8:15	ment			
8:30	A Man Called X	Take a Number	Merry Go Round	Hopalong Cassidy
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Hawaii Calls	What Makes You Tick?	Gangbusters
9:15				
9:30	Dennis Day	Lombardo Land	Can You Top This?	My Favorite Husband
9:45				
10:00	Judy Canova	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Sing It Again
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Dixieland Jambake	



BOB TROUT—noted NBC newsman and TV quizmaster, has reported news from all over the U. S. and twenty foreign nations since 1929 and covered every national political convention since 1936. He was married in 1938 between two broadcasts and went on his honeymoon aboard the campaign train from which he was reporting.

POETRY

QUESTION FOR CANDLELIGHT

How much do I love you?
Can anyone tell
More than swallow for wind,
Or water for well?

What is the measure?
The earth only knows
The throb of the thorn
For the flame of the rose.

But tether your problem
Come, give me a kiss.
For here is my answer.
I love you . . . like this.

—Louis J. Sanker

SEA SONG

The sea and I are strangers.
I have never known the fierce glory of its anger
Nor have I seen the stars
Spill diamonds into its dark crown.
Yet I have known all the power of its fury
In one moment of your silence
And I have seen sea-diamonds in your eyes.

—Mrs. William James Alder

BITS OF HEAVEN

Heaven is also here
Among the throbbing,
Violent crowd . . .
Amidst the dusty
Footworn path . . .
All along the way
One sees
A bit of Heaven.
Blue Heavens here
Beneath the gray cast sky . . .
And on the darkened earth
Within the bleak stone walls . . .
Upon the bare gaunt trees
And where the flower
Fails to grow.
A bit of Heaven
Is everywhere.

—W. Dee Earley

FOR TOMORROW

There is no wind to come and bring
    a bird with song to ease my discontent;
There is no night whose cold and lonely
    echoes sing to me my own lament.
But thru the evening's dark, the parting
    sunset leaves me warmth from days well spent:
And living hope lights in my heart
    a glow—to make the pessimist relent.

—M. D. Morris

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIVE DOLLARS

for the best original poems sent in each month by readers. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Poetry, RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42 Street, New York 17, New York. Each poem should be accompanied by this notice. When a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused poems. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase poetry for use in RADIO MIRROR.

BEWARE

THE BUILDING SWINDLER



Family Counselor Ed Hotchner told Terry, "The best way to make sure of getting your money's worth is to seek competent advice before, not after, you buy or build."

"There's no better time for careful thought than before you spend money for a new home." That's what Ed Hotchner told us when he visited the Burtons as a Family Counselor. Mr. Hotchner recently completed an extensive investigation on home buying and construction, hoping to find his dream house.

To anyone interested in real estate, he suggested looking out for: 1. too good a bargain; 2. the salesman who wants too much in advance; 3. the over-eager salesman who high pressures you into buying a house or lot other than the one in the advertisement you might be following up; 4. the salesman who wants to close the deal right on the spot without giving you time to think the thing over.

Mr. Hotchner also advised, "Always be on your guard against making impulsive down payments." To prove this, he told the story about a builder in Texas who was indicted for swindling eight citizens of Houston of $20,000, by taking down payments on homes which were never built and which he never intended to build. The man pleaded guilty and received a ten-year prison term, but the money had been spent and none of his victims got a penny back.

In addition he told our CBS listeners, "The way to guard against unscruplous contractors," he said, "is to investigate the man before you make any down payment. Ask about him at your bank, your Better Business Bureau, building loan companies or a lawyer. You can also protect yourself by paying for the job only as it is done.

"Another thing—if you have fully paid a contractor who has hired various workmen to work on the house, these workmen can file a lien against your house if the contractor does not pay them. If this happens you end up by paying nearly double the value of your home. So always make your contractor show you paid bills for labor before you give him his final money."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton, heard M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS. Sponsor: General Foods.

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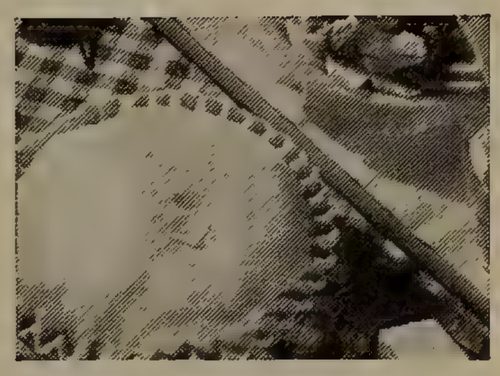
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The recipes contained in this book were gathered from every section of the country by the Food Editors of True Story Magazine. In most cases, the recipes were obtained by talking with housewives in their own kitchens—others were received from interested readers. Then the recipes were put to actual test in the True Story Kitchen. The result is a collection of 1500 proven recipes that will add sparkle to your meals and comfort to your pocketbook. The MAGIC COOK BOOK is a giant in size and a giant in value. It contains over 500 pages—32 pages of photographic illustrations and is bound in washable Fabrikoid.



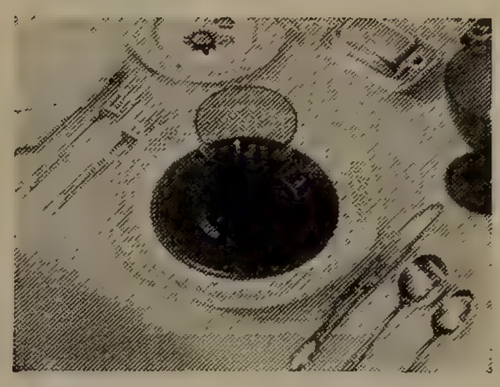
Tips on inexpensive cuts



Secrets for perfect pies



Ideas—truss a half turkey



New table setting hints

How This Book Saves You Money

The MAGIC COOK BOOK saves you money in many different ways. When you plan your menus as suggested, the costs are budget-wise, yet the nutritional values are high. This is the important part of meal planning—and it is your job to get top nutritional value out of every dollar you spend on food. Here, also, are new ways to prepare low-cost dishes—also, simple ways to make inexpensive cuts of meat appetizing and attractive.

Here, too, are tips on how to judge beef, pork and poultry—and information on the quantities to buy per serving. The shopper with an eye to thrift will buy just what she can use.

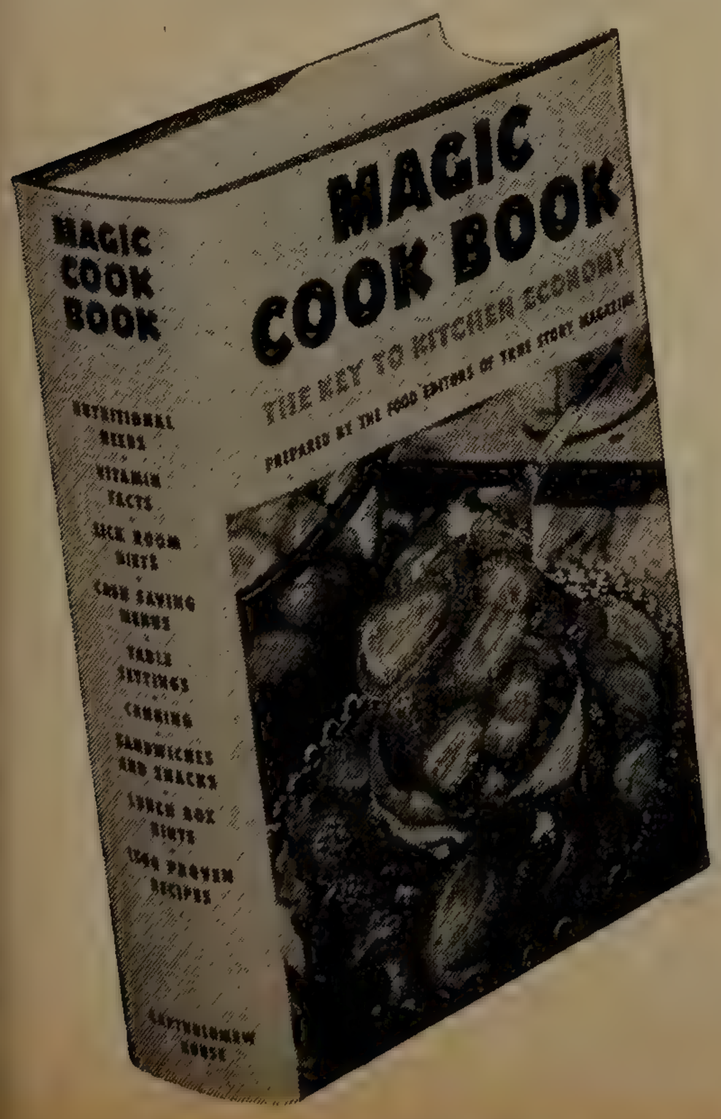
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THREE TIMES AS PRETTY



The Bonny Maids can be seen on NBC-TV, Fri. 9 P.M. EST. Sponsor: Bona Fide Mills, makers of Bonny Maid Linoleum and Versa-Tile.

"One of the nicest things about being a Bonny Maid is that you can't help being three times as wise about everything"

"Confuse and conquer" is the battle cry of the three blonde Bonny Maids, and this they do quite successfully.

The girls delight in the fact that they are often mistaken for each other, and they do very little to ease the confusion. They talk alike, act alike, and certainly look alike, especially in their Scottish kilts. But, just for the record, their names are Anne Francis, Carol Ohmart and Jean Eyres.

Of course, it's a known fact that ever since the girls first appeared together on the Bonny Maid Versatile Varieties, on NBC-TV, they've conquered everybody in sight. Their warm personalities made this inevitable. For, even though their schedule is hectic, they always find time to add a bit of enchantment to their surroundings. They blow into the studio like a fresh, runaway breeze, and leave everything and everyone better for having been there even briefly.

Since the girls rarely have a moment to spare, they are grateful that their extra-curricular careers as models have taught them how to apply make-up in a matter of minutes.

They are all great believers in the natural look, but each one has her own ideas about how to achieve it.

Jean, for instance, is a girl who strictly relies on a powder cake type make-up to touch her skin with color. Carol and Anne, on the other hand, favor a make-up base topped with powder. All three girls switch their lipstick colors constantly, and are always careful to wear matching rouge.

They keep their long blonde hair brilliantly beautiful with faithful daily brushings and weekly shampoos. In addition, they share a bottle of hair perfume, which they spray on with a great feeling of luxury and good grooming.

If necessary, just before the show starts, they touch up each other's nails, to be sure there are no signs of chipping or untidiness.

They keep each other informed, too, on underslips that show, misplaced strands of hair, and lipstick-marked teeth.

Whenever a new fashion or make-up fad becomes popular, they get together, talk it over, and decide whether or not it is for them. Usually all extreme styles are out.

The Bonny Maids are devoted perfume users, but each likes a different fragrance. Whenever one of them makes a new perfume discovery, they have a three-way test try-out, and then compare opinions.

All the girls agree that one of the nicest things about being a Bonny Maid is that you just can't help being three times as wise about everything you do!

Women Are Wonderful!

(*Continued from page 28*)

regard it as the definition of being a bachelor.

Apparently, however, it drives women to frenzied counter-moves. Married, single, infantile, aged or just right, you women take it as a challenge and each of you makes it her primary business in life to emerge from the group of wonderful women and endeavor to become the most wonderful woman in particular. It's a trait which seems to begin in the cradle and end at the grave, and I want to tell you I'm one guy who thoroughly appreciates it.

In your practical moments you concentrate great effort toward the one particular man you happen to want, but in addition, there's a sort of surplus left over for the rest of the male population. It's the thing that makes it possible for a man to walk down a street like Michigan Boulevard and get a terrific kick out of just looking at the pretty girls without leering at a single one of them.

Any woman who is worth her salt appears to want all men to recognize that there's something about her, personally, which is especially wonderful—if, for no other reason than to make them envy the particular man she has chosen. It's her way of pointing out that her man, too, is pretty superior.

That, thank goodness, seems to emerge as the true feminine objective in the battle of the sexes. At least it is the one which has endured into the second half a century which has seen decisive wars fought on the subject of woman's proper place—wars which, as they occurred, called forth some male foreboding which now shows up to have been prodigiously foolish.

Remember all the hullabaloo which went on about women's right to work and to vote? What happened? You girls got the right to vote and although we haven't yet had a female president, we do have some winning women politicians, glamorous as actresses. We do have Mrs. Roosevelt who, to my mind, is as charming and "womanly" a woman as ever lived. And we do have schools crowded with the children of the children of the women who were supposed to lead us to race suicide.

You got your right to work and what do you do with your money? Well, Grandpa can have his Gibson Girl who ventured into business only if she were real daring or real poor. I'll take you cute kids with quick minds who efficiently earn your weekly salaries and then dash right out to spend as much as possible on clothes and those other artful things which advance your desire to emerge as the most wonderful of all wonderful women.

I'm particularly aware of you lovely American girls right now, for I've just had a chance to make another comparison. Last Summer, for the first time, I managed to get both enough time and enough money to go to Europe. I'd seen the South Seas beauties while I was stationed in Hawaii during the war; I had been lucky enough to have a few very charming American women take an interest in me, but when I got to Paris and the Riviera, I thought the girls there must be by far the loveliest in the world.

Even after I returned, I raved about them until one day at rehearsal I took a good clear look at the girls in our cast. As though I were seeing them for the first time, I appreciated Bette Chapel's sweetness and Connie Russell's vivacity. But I also discounted my observation with the thought, "It doesn't count. Bette and Connie have always been pretty special, as every televiewer knows."

But my wide open eyesight must have stayed with me, for when I left the studio that afternoon, I got all caught up in the closing hour rush and was sort of spun around by the thousands of girls who were leaving the Merchandise Mart. Their mouths freshly touched with lipstick, their hair smooth, their eyes sparkling, they all looked as though they were starting toward some great adventure.

And then I saw it. All American girls are pretty special.

They love competition. Every last one of those pretty things was sort of saying, "I double dare you." At the same time as she vied with other women for perfection, she also challenged every man to want to stay single.

It's pretty wholesome that this attitude exists, I think, for there seems to be no present counterpart of it in male vs. male rivalry. In "progressing" from cavemen throwing rocks at other cavemen, to becoming citizens of nations threatening to throw atomic bombs, I fear we males have lost our light touch and become grim. We have abandoned crimson velvet doublets in favor of business suits which are virtually uniforms. We're scared to be different. It is regarded as a sign of objectionable eccentricity to admit to a yen to wear something which might make a girl look twice.

Only when we are flexing our muscles in active sports do we find bright-plumage permissible. We dress up more colorfully to play golf, pass a football or hunt big game than we do when we go courting.

My last timid venture toward wild attire occurred while Charlie Andrews, my writer, Freddy Wacker, a fellow Chicagoan, and I were driving an open sports car during the European trip. I should explain, I suppose, that roaring a high powered sports car down the road is somewhat more strenuous than driving the family sedan around the corner for groceries. Wind provided excuse to compete with each other in buying uninhibited headgear.

I got a French sea captain's cap at Nice, a beret on the Riviera, and in London I bought the pride of the collection, a leather helmet patterned after the French Foreign Legion hat. It squares off at the top and drops a sort of curtain down the back to protect against sand, wind and sun.

When assembled with the raccoon Daniel Boone job the kids on the television show gave me and the Scotch plaid baseball cap I bought at Marshall Fields, they made me feel like a knight looking over his change of armor.

And then I realized I could never wear any one of them when calling on a girl. She would only giggle. Gaudy raiment today is reserved for fishermen and comedians.

It adds up, I fear, to the fact that we men have become sheepish about admitting we would like to be attractive to the ladies, too. In the age when women frankly pay more attention to the intriguing business of being women, we men have grown self-conscious.

If you don't believe me, read the ads and see what sort of double talk is going on. In only one daring instance did some copy writer assert his cream would make a guy's mug "more kissable," and even then he first assured males it "gave protection and left the race more comfortable." The "kissable" deal was stuck down in fine print.

At first I thought, "Oh, oh. Some girl wrote the wrong copy." And then I changed my opinion. A woman is too smart for that. From infancy on, she's schooled to make a man think he's the one who starts the kissing.

Take it from me, you girls have them beat. While a producer must say, "Do this; do that," you achieve the same effect without uttering a word.

Take marriage, for example. By taking decisive action smoothly and gracefully, a woman makes a man think it was his idea. She arranges things so that a man falls right into step.

But even the cleverest girl tips her hand. The sign that you're approaching the point of no return is when she starts saying *we* instead of *you and I*. When a man hears that, he'd better run while there's still time.

While there's still time . . .

What am I talking about? There is no escape, for every woman in pursuit of her man has powerful allies in circumstances themselves. A guy who can easily construct a bridge has a hell of a time pressing his own pants.

And then there's the matter of laundry. You should have seen the spot I got into just before we left for Europe. Ted Mills, producer of our television show, his wife, Joan, and others of the cast went to New York. We planned to see the sights, the shows and some friends. I wound up in huddles over programs and thirty minutes before plane time I moaned, "I'm not packed yet."

Joan Mills offered to help me. She didn't help; she packed, shoving Ted and me out of the way while she gathered up my gear. Then she asked, "Dave, where are your clean shirts?"

I went through the motions of looking until she stopped me.

With the attitude of one wise in male failings, she said, "You forgot to send them out, didn't you?"

My single track mind just hadn't stretched that far. I arrived breathless at the airport, clutching luggage in one hand, laundry in the other, and wondering what import duty would be charged on soiled linen.

Cooking is just as bad. Subscribing at one time to the idea that men were better cooks than women, I learned to make a meat sauce. To show off my skill, I invited a young lady to dine at my apartment. When the concoction was finished, she tasted it daintily, flattered me tremendously—and devastated me completely by asking, "But where's the meat?"

I went out and bought a quart of ice cream.

It also influenced my decision to move to a hotel with a restaurant downstairs.

Although one attempt at marriage convinced me I was the kind of guy who has no talent for it, I wouldn't be too surprised if one of these days I found myself sticking around after a girl starts saying *we*.

Who wants to stay single anyway?

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

By TOMMY BARTLETT



En route to her ancestral home in Westfield, Indiana, Mrs. Hazel Ganaway and her helper Paul Jackson visited Chicago and NBC's Welcome Travelers.

Patsy, one of our attractive usherettes at Welcome Travelers, cleared the aisle for little Paul Jackson, a solemn but bright-eyed ten-year-old, as he pushed the wheel-chair up to our NBC microphone.

Mrs. Hazel Ganaway, the woman in the wheel-chair, had only one leg. She is sixty years old, and has been confined to a wheel-chair for the past nineteen years, ever since diabetic complications made the amputation of her left leg necessary.

Life had never been easy for the widowed Mrs. Ganaway, but it became almost unbearably difficult after the amputation of her leg. She wanted to work and had to work, but people were dubious about hiring her, so she managed to rent an old house, which was converted into a rooming house—but her instinctive love for unfortunates kept it from being profitable. If her tenants could pay their rent, that was fine. If they couldn't—well, Mrs. Ganaway could understand. She'd been in the same position, herself.

Finally, she began taking in washing to augment her meager income. Now, however, Mrs. Ganaway's life was complicated by eye trouble. She's completely blind in one eye and has only partial vision in the other.

Washing and ironing weren't too difficult for Mrs. Ganaway, but hanging up the clothes to dry was almost impossible. A couple of years ago, she got a helper to carry the laundry bundles around, run errands for her and make himself generally indispensable.

The new helper was Paul Jackson, a neighbor's boy. Every day after school, and all day long on Saturdays, Mrs. Ganaway and Paul worked and talked together in an employer-employee relationship that went far beyond money—although money was of desperate and immediate importance to both of them.

But happiness meant more to Hazel Ganaway than money, and she felt that she owed little Paul a debt that money couldn't cancel. Over a year ago, she began talking to him about her old home in Westfield, Indiana, where her family had been poor but highly regarded by the community. She told Paul about her grandparents, run-away slaves who had fled to Indiana and settled in Westfield before the Civil War.

Any kind of trip would have been an adventure to Paul, but Mrs. Ganaway made this trip seem like something out of a storybook. Together, the woman and child began to save money for a vacation that they would remember the rest of their lives. The money came slowly, and there were setbacks like the time Paul lost a ten-dollar bill through a hole in his trousers pocket, but before either Mrs. Ganaway or Paul quite realized it, their money mounted to a point where they dared to think of it as a reality.

They planned their trip carefully, cautiously, but with determination to grasp everything within their reach. "For once," the woman declared with vigor, "dreams are going to come true." And for Mrs. Ganaway and little Paul Jackson, for once they really did come true.

R
M

Tommy Bartlett emcees Welcome Travelers M-F at 10 A.M. EST on NBC. Sponsor: Procter and Gamble.

When A Girl Marries

(*Continued from page* 14)

to let your husband go alone. Of course such a move would mean a great wrench in all your lives, and I think your decision must be based, not on what it will mean at the moment, but what the new position for your husband will mean to the whole family in the long run. If you decide—in family consultation—that the move will mean a better life for all of you *in the long run,* then you should go. And if you do decide to go, do it with a feeling of adventure, not martyrdom. How do you *know* transfer of the children to another school will mean setback? How do you *know* you'll be wretched? But believe me, Mrs. S., if you are sure in your own mind that all these unpleasantnesses will follow, they will—your very attitude of complete negativism will *make* them happen!

Dear Joan:

I am nineteen. I fell in love with a divorced man. He was very romantic, thirty-nine years old, quite handsome. We named our wedding day, but it never came. All of a sudden his love for me snapped off completely. He stayed away and gave no reason for the sudden break-up. The boys that always wanted to go steady with me before don't even care to look at me now. Even my girl friends act cold. I am lonely, desperate and broken-hearted. How can I win back their friendship?

A. R.

Dear A. R.:

First of all, stiffen your backbone. You fell in love. Well, that can be either the most wonderful thing in the world, or the most devastating. In your case, you weren't lucky. You fell in love with what appears to have been the wrong man. That was a mistake, but certainly not a crime. Your friends are taking an unfair advantage of your unhappiness in acting coldly. Perhaps they feel reluctant to welcome you back into their circle because they were hurt by your real or imagined coolness during the time you were going with this man. In any case, your best hope in winning them back lies in enlisting the support of one individual in the group, one with whom you were specially friendly. Concentrate on that one, and for the time being forget about the others. Don't attempt to force your way into group activities, but instead make plans to spend some time with the single person who seems even slightly disposed to accept you. You'll have to make the overtures but pocket your pride temporarily and make them —a movie date—a Coke together at the corner drug—any one of the dozens of familiar, casual activities you used to share with your friends. If the girl or boy responds to your invitation with any friendliness at all, it will be up to you to gradually work your way back into acceptance by the whole crowd. If you are met coldly—don't despair. There are other friends to be made in a big city like yours. Offer your friendship, but if your offer is coldly received, turn elsewhere. Remember—real friends will be tolerant of each other's mistakes. If these people are not prepared to offer you understanding and and help, it's time you had some new friends anyway!

Dear Joan:

I have known my boy friend for three years. Every time I see him he asks me to marry him, and it leads to a quarrel when I refuse. I have made up my mind I could not marry a man with an uncontrollable temper. How can I help him rid himself of it?

B. B.

Dear B. B.:

You haven't made it clear whether the young man's temper outbursts occur only over this question of marriage, or whether they occur at other times as well. If he becomes unreasonably angry when he is crossed—by all means think carefully before marrying him. However, it is possible that you yourself have provoked his anger. Three years is a long time for more or less grown up people to be uncertain of their own minds: if you cannot make up your mind *when* you want to marry, are you sure you want to marry this particular young man *at all,* or are you merely keeping him "on the string?"

On the other hand, he may just have what you describe as an uncontrollable temper. If that's the case, you might tell him frankly that you feel your only chance for happiness together lies in his self-control, and put him in a sense on probation—for it is possible to form the habit of control over even a very bad temper. But if he cannot seem to do this, there is no hope marriage will transform him into a calm, amiable being.

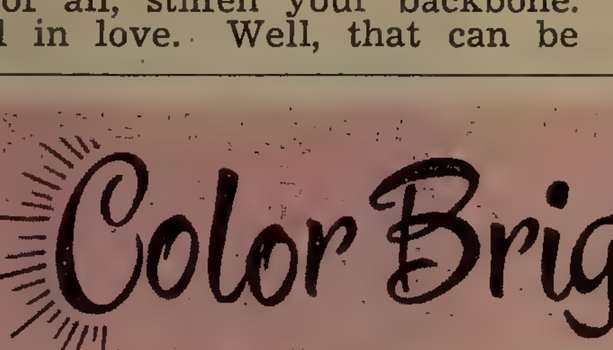
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COLORINSE® RINSES IN . . . SHAMPOOS OUT

Acro_ the Academy parade ground at New London, comes the band; behind it Coast Guard cadets pass in review.



COAST GUARD ON PARADE



At the clarinet: Musical director Bud Jenks.

The historic Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn., is not quite the spot you'd expect to find as the originating point for a network musical show. But the alert, neatly-uniformed Academy guards show no sign of surprise every Saturday when a team of directors, engineers and publicity men from New York invade the scene. For four years now, they've been coming in to help broadcast Coast Guard Cadets On Parade, heard on NBC Saturdays at 1:30 P. M. EST.

The Coast Guard Academy band, led by Warrant Officer George H. Jenks, presents on the show each week a selection of stirring band music by composers from Rachmaninov to Cole Porter, plus interesting sidelights of life at the Academy and adventures of the Coast Guard at sea.



Emee of the C.G. show is ex-ensign Bob Tyrol.

Coast Guard Cadets On Parade is heard Saturdays at 1:30 P.M. EST on the National Broadcasting Company.



"Semper Paratus" opens each performance—of course!—but the band doesn't limit itself to purely martial music.

Hearty and Heavenly!

(*Continued from page* 41)

from pan. Wash rice thoroughly. Drain. Add to butter remaining in pan with sliced onion. Brown lightly over low heat. Return chicken to pan and add milk and wine. Cover and simmer gently 1 hour, or until chicken is tender. If necessary add more hot milk. Thicken sauce with a little flour if desired. Makes 6 servings.

POACHED COD WITH GOLDEN SAUCE

4 cod steaks
½ teaspoon sweet marjoram
½ teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon parsley, fresh or dried

Wash fish well. Tie in cheesecloth or parchment paper. Tie herbs in a piece of cheesecloth. Fill a saucepan with 2 quarts water. Add herbs and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to simmer. Add fish. Cover and simmer gently 15 minutes, or until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Serve hot with Golden Sauce. Makes 4 servings.

GOLDEN SAUCE

¼ cup butter
4 tablespoons flour
¾ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
a little grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Melt butter in a saucepan. Blend in flour. Remove from heat. Gradually stir in milk. Add salt, pepper. Return to heat. Continue cooking, stirring constantly until thickened. Stir a little of the hot mixture into the egg yolks. Return to hot sauce. Continue cooking 1 minute longer, stirring constantly. Add lemon rind, then juice very gradually. Serve immediately over poached cod. Makes about 1 cup sauce.

PARSLEY DUMPLINGS

1½ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 tablespoon shortening
¾ cup milk

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add chopped parsley. Blend in shortening with a fork or pastry blender. Add milk and stir until all flour is moistened. Drop from tablespoon onto gently boiling stew or stock or cook in a closely covered steamer 15 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized dumplings.

STEWED CHICKEN BAYSIDE

1 4 lb. chicken
1 large onion, sliced
1 carrot, sliced
1 (8 oz.) package noodles, cooked and drained
½ cup almonds, blanched and toasted
2 tablespoons flour
salt and pepper to taste
dash of paprika
2 cups chicken broth, strained
⅓ cup cream
Parmesan cheese

Remove pinfeathers from chicken. Wash well under cold water. Place in a large saucepan. Add 3 cups water, onion and carrot. Cover and simmer gently until chicken is tender, about 2 hours. Remove meat from bones in fairly large pieces. Place alternate layers of noodles, chicken, and almonds in a casserole. Start and end with noodles. Combine flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Stir in a little cold water to form a paste. Gradually stir in chicken broth and cream. Pour over chicken and noodles. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes.



THERE ARE THREE GOOD REASONS why you can buy Listerine Tooth Paste, a top quality dentifrice, at this low price: *modern machinery, mass production, and more than 60 years of "know-how"!*

As makers of Listerine Antiseptic we don't put our name on any product that isn't "tops." No dentifrice beats Listerine Tooth Paste for (1) reducing tooth decay, (2) polishing, (3) flavor, or (4) cleaning teeth and breath (we're the *original* breath experts!)

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

My Favorite Blondes

(*Continued from page 25*)

It would have been a rough trip for them. We had fun, of course, and saw a lot of wonderful places. But mostly, it was work. So much so that, when we got back to good old New York, I had planned to take a week off to go fishing up in the Canadian woods. I even had Alice convinced that a week in the rugged out-of-doors was just what the doctor ordered.

Then, on our first night in New York, we called up the kids in Hollywood. After our round of hellos, little Alice got on the phone and asked me when we were coming home.

"Daddy thought he would take a little vacation up in the Canadian woods," I told her. "We'll probably be home in another week, honey."

"But Daddy," she exclaimed. "Don't you think you've had a long enough vacation already?"

Think I went fishing? Nope. That gorgeous day-dream I'd been having of frying golden brown trout alongside a rushing river exploded like a smoke bomb. We packed up the next day and went home. And the beautiful English split-bamboo fly rod I bought in London hasn't been out of its case yet.

We hardly recognized the girls when we first saw them. They had spent the summer in the Toluca Lake Girls' Club, and they were tanned, healthy, and several inches taller from their swimming, hiking, and riding. I could hardly see Phyllis for the athletic awards she had won. Little Ailce, who is now eight, was a sedate little lady. According to her grandmother, this resulted from watching J. Arthur Rank movies on television all summer. And I could believe it.

When we left for Europe, Alice was a fan of Cyclone Malone and Time for Beany. But now, that stuff is too tame. Lately, she has been memorizing all of the program listings and picks and chooses her TV diet like a careful adult. She has got to be such a fanatic watcher that it is all we can do to make her come to the table for dinner. And it is a struggle, requiring all of the persuasion that both Alice and I can muster, to pull her loose from the set at her 8:30 bedtime.

"Gosh," she will complain, as she marches up to bed, "and KTTV is showing the swellest mystery picture tonight. I'll be glad when I'm old enough to stay up all night!"

Phyllis, on the other hand, likes her beauty sleep. She thinks that sitting up to watch television is for kids. Even when we have company, she excuses herself early.

"Daddy, I'm sleepy," she will suddenly announce. "I want to go to bed." And that's that. Off she marches for her date with the sandman.

There's quite a difference in the way my two girls are developing. Just enough difference, as a matter of fact, to complicate my already hectic problem of keeping up with them.

The other night, Alice sidled up alongside my easy chair, and said, "Tell me, Daddy. Do you think that I'll have to be a nightclub singer before I can get into the movies?"

"What's this?" I asked, jolted.

"I've decided I want to be an actress like Mama," she said, cool as a cucumber. "And I want to know how to plan my career."

"Aren't you being a little previous?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I don't want to waste any time," she said. "I thought I'd better start taking dancing lessons right away."

"All right, sugar," I said, helplessly. And she *is* taking dancing lessons, and working like a beaver at her practice.

Phyllis doesn't care much for dramatics, at least not yet. All she wants to be, right at the moment, is national backstroke champion, a mountain climber, a lady wrestler, and the best woman rider in the world. Give her time, and she may make it. She has enough coordination for a whole Olympic tumbling team. When she was two years old, she was swimming the length of our pool, and she constantly amazes me with her feats of strength and endurance. The other afternoon when I came home, big Alice greeted me at the door.

"I wish you would speak to your daughter," she said, dramatically.

"Sure," I said. "Which one?"

"Phyllis."

"Gladly," I replied, in my usual cheery tone of voice. "Where is the little love?"

"Up in that elm tree out front," said Alice. "If you look high enough you can see her from here."

I walked out to the tree and asked Phyllis nicely to come down before she fell and hurt herself.

"Come up and get me," she giggled. She was grinning like the Cheshire Cat from a branch about fifteen feet up.

"You know your poor old Daddy can't climb trees any more," I pleaded. "Come on down."

"Oh, all right," she said, like I was spoiling her fun. She slid down in about two seconds, completely unconcerned by the height.

Phyllis is also at that age (six) when all the things in nature are just too wonderful for words. And this, of course, brings about a crisis now and then. The other morning I was brought suddenly awake by a chorus of feminine screams reverberating through the house. Then I heard big Alice call, "Phil, come here. Hurry!"

I grabbed up a robe and ran for the girls' bedroom. Phyllis was sitting on her bed crying, and little Alice was standing on hers, screaming as though she had just seen the Wolf Man.

"What is the matter, for Pete's sake?" I asked.

"Phyllis's woolly worm is loose in here somewhere," my good wife said, hysterically.

"What?" I shouted.

"Phyllis caught a woolly worm yesterday and put it in this fruit jar," she explained, handing me a jar full of grass cuttings. "And Alice is afraid she might step on it if she gets off the bed. You'll simply have to find it, Phil, or Phyllis will be heartbroken."

"O.K.," I said. "Don't anyone move."

If you can think of anything sillier for a grown man to do than to start out his morning crawling around on his hands and knees looking for a lost woolly worm, I'll put in with you. But I finally found the creature slowly inching its way up the side of Phyllis' dresser.

"Oh, good," said big Alice.

"Wonderful," said little Alice.

"Thank you, Daddy," said Phyllis.

"Keep the lid on that jar," I growled, on my way back to bed. I went back to sleep and had a dream about ten thousand woolly worms crawling up the microphone just as I started to sing. It was awful.

My problems don't all arise from a difference in my daughters' temperaments and general outlook on things.

A good many of them are caused simply by me being outsmarted and too humiliated to do anything about it. The other night, for instance, while I was watching the fights on television, my wife came into the room with a defiant glint in her eye.

"What kind of nonsense have you been telling Alice?" she asked. "She came into the bedroom crying and said that you were going into the ring."

"Nonsense," I said. "I'm too old."

"That's what I told her. But she said you were out in the living room, dodging and swinging away just like the men on the television set."

Now, if I were cynical I'd say that Alice dreamed that one up simply because I took over the television set to watch the Louis-Charles fight, and she missed one of her favorite programs. But she had me dead to rights. I *was* being a little strenuous with my cheering, and it might have worried the child. I have to believe that. Honest, I do.

It is getting so I am almost afraid to argue with my daughters anymore. I am wrong too much. Like the afternoon several weeks ago when I came home from a round of golf at Lakeside to find little Alice waiting for me at the gate.

"You've got to help me do something," she whispered in a tone like Mata Hari.

"What?"

"I want to bake a cake for Mama while she's at the beauty parlor."

"Gosh, honey," I said. "It takes a lot of time and work to bake a cake. You need eggs, and flour, and shortening, and all sorts of things. It would take us hours."

"No it wouldn't," she insisted. "Betty Crocker has some stuff that you just add milk to. I saw it on television."

"We'd have to grease the pans, and make icing, and heat up the oven," I said, thinking of every possible problem.

"No, Daddy, all we need is the stuff."

"Well, I'll get you some of it tomorrow and maybe Mama will help you bake it."

Next evening, she very proudly an-

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nounced that we would have some of her cake for dessert. I tasted it gingerly, expecting the worst. But it was fluffy and the icing was very good.

"Hm! How did you make the icing?" I asked.

"The recipe was right there on the box," she said, triumphantly. "See, I told you there was nothing to it!"

Sometime during the summer, both Alice and Phyllis started to indulge in that favorite feminine pastime of primping in front of a mirror. Of late, they have become very interested in caring for their hair and their nails, and frequently, against my better judgment, I am called in as a beauty expert. A few weeks ago, little Alice announced that she wanted to let her hair grow until it hung all the way down her back. Her mother didn't see it that way, and insisted that it be cut.

"It is a little ragged around the edges, honey," I offered, meekly. I thought it was a tactful remark, but she still gave me a look that would fry an egg. P.S.: she got her hair cut, for Mama can be forceful, too.

Until this year, Alice has always bought identical clothes for the girls. But that won't do at all, anymore. Their tastes in clothes have taken off in different directions. Nor will it be possible for them to exchange clothes. The other day, Phyllis came to me with a frightful beef because her mother had made her wear a practically new dress that Alice had outgrown.

"Why, that's a mighty pretty dress," I said.

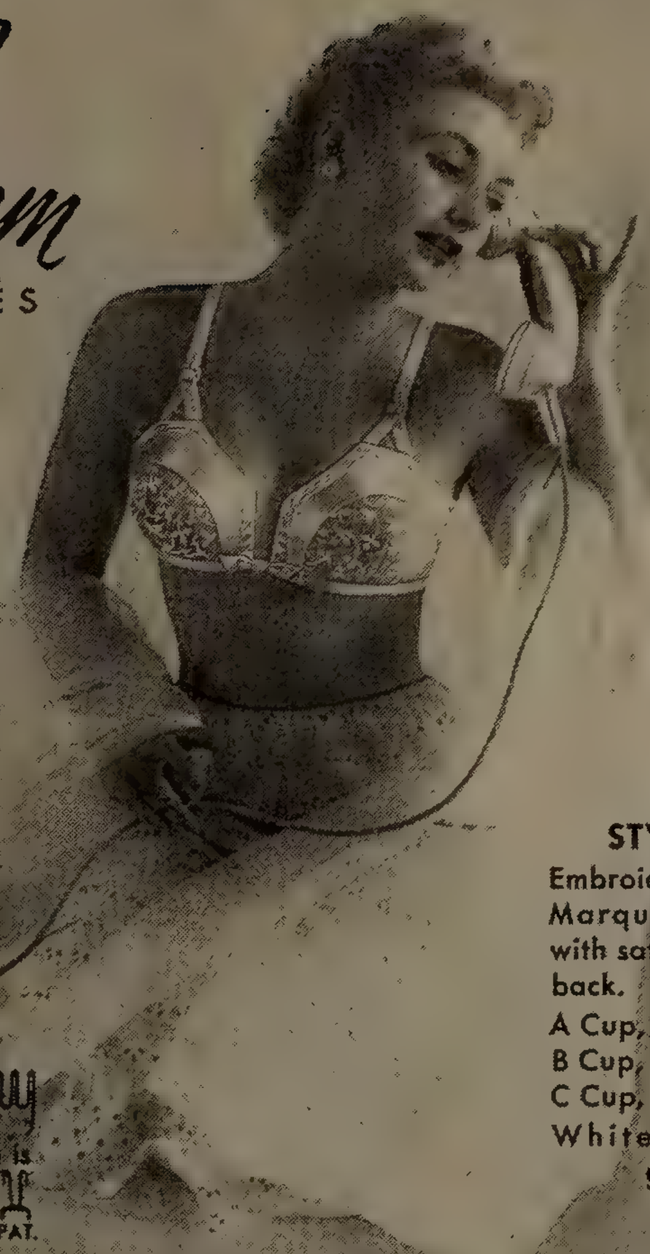
"But it's Alice's," Phyllis sobbed. "And Mommie bought Alice a brand new one."

It would take the wisdom of Solomon to answer that one. But when I'm stuck, I simply pass the problem back to Alice from whence it came. That's basically a woman's fight, and Alice has always done a better job of solving problems like that than I ever could. When it gets too tough, there's nothing left for me to do but duck out to Lakeside Country Club for a round of golf.

But all around me are signs that most of my lumps are still ahead. When my daughters grow up, they will present tougher and tougher problems for their old man to solve. And that day isn't far away. I got an indication of that not long ago, when little Alice got out some of her mother's old records and began singing duets with them. It naturally gave big Alice a nostalgic twinge for the days when she was making pictures. Both of the girls frequently come home from school and tell Alice that the kids were asking when their Mommie was going to make another picture. And little Alice, who likes everything about movies, keeps asking her if she really knows Betty Grable, and Tyrone Power. Those things have had their effect, I think.

Alice has always been very forthright about her career. She didn't feel that she could make movies and raise a family, too. She wanted her kids to know her as a mother, and they have. For the past seven years, Twentieth has sent her at least one script a month, and she has sent them all back. But the other night, she surprised me by announcing that she'd like to do another picture if she could find the right kind of musical. And that was the surest sign of all to me that my daughters are growing up, and that from here on, my life with three beautiful blondes will begin to grow more hectic with the passing of every day.

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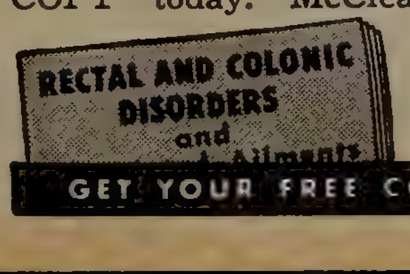
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My Boss, Fred Waring

(*Continued from page 43*)

We look back now and wonder how we ever did it. I had theatre experience behind me, which was a big help, but many of the others had been trained only in radio. Fred admits he was a little jittery himself, but I know he gave the rest of us confidence. Nadine Gae, wife of my partner Ray Sax and our choreographer, had the glee club doing dance steps in no time, and some of the kids who had hardly known their right foot from their left were loosening up and doing simple formations right away. It was wonderful.

Maybe the kids didn't realize that Fred appreciated how hard all this was for them, until one day at rehearsal Fred made an impromptu speech. He said he wanted us to know how proud he was of the way we were learning new things. He told us he thought we were simply terrific. That was just the encouragement we needed.

Fred, of course, being the fine showman that he is, had known right from the beginning that to put a show on television meant revising everybody's thinking. Music might be music, but presenting it on a visual medium required a completely different approach than for radio. Even different than for the stage of a big theatre. This TV was an intimate thing, where performers would come into the home in close-ups. He knew we would have to act, as well as to sing and play. We would have to know how to move around a stage. We would have to draw on all the Pennsylvanians' talents.

It was Fred who inspired Nadine to plan the choreography for the group, although she had never worked in television before. He always uses the people and the material at hand when he can possibly do it, and he has proved over and over that people can be wonderful at things they would never have tackled without his confidence in them. When we needed extra performers for TV, he called on Clyde Sechler's wife, and Jack Best's wife—Clyde and Jack are my partners and with Fred's coaching they were soon performing like veterans. He brought in only one new girl for that first TV series, for a particular spot that no one else could fill.

In fact, Fred uses "home talent" whenever he can. The little daughter of one of our cameramen appeared in a show last season where two children were needed for the re-enactment of a "musical evening" scene in Tyrone, Pa., Fred's old home. Wives, husbands and parents of regular members often fill in on special programs. When a performer marries outside the group, it often means welcoming a new member. When Lou Eley married Jean Ryden, who was a violinist with the Kansas City Philharmonic, she took a chair next to Lou's in the violin section of our orchestra.

Fred will tell you that he hires people, not merely performers. They become members of a closely-knit group, instead of just getting jobs. So the first thing he looks for is whether the individual will fit into the group. He makes few mistakes in his judgment of character and talent. He gets loyalty from his gang, because he gives it.

If you go to Fred and tell him you would like to try something different, he gives you the chance. You don't even need to ask, if he sees any signs of latent talent. Some years ago he hired a four-boy act, and with it acquired a bass fiddler with a flair for comedy. Fred discovered the boy also had a talent for writing, and encouraged him to do more of it. That boy, Hugh Brannum, has become the wonderful Uncle Lumpy of our program, who writes and records the Little Orley stories. Lumpy writes music too, and I'm indebted to him for "Lonesome Prairie Girl" and a number of other songs.

I was much more a dancer than singer when I joined the Pennsylvanians. I sang a little to take me into my dances, but that was all, except that I had a natural ear for rhythm and harmony. Fred always gives special coaching to performers who need help, and he began to coach me. He's very understanding with people who are shy, and I was certainly in that class.

First of all, I learned to sight-read. We get new arrangements constantly and everyone has to be able to read music quickly. I had studied piano, but I really didn't understand music too well, and under Fred's coaching I began to get a new respect and love for it. Everyone who works with him does. He takes his work seriously and expects us to feel the same way about ours, but I hesitate to say he's a perfectionist, because that might mean someone who is merely fussy.

He explains his passion for improvement this way:

"When I hear a song," Fred tells you, "I'm instantly figuring out, if I like it, what makes it a good song, and what I can do to make it sound better? It's the same way with a voice, a dance—or a house. I'm always rearranging furniture mentally, or redecorating a room I walk into, or moving the shrubbery about. I'm always "editing" what's there, trying to develop the existing thing into something better."

This desire to improve things has led to some inventions of his own and the development of other inventors' ideas, when they get stymied on some technical problem. He studied engineering and architecture at Penn State, and he has always had a well-equipped workshop for serious experimentation. The Blendor and the Waring Steam Iron are his two best-known products, but no one will ever know how much he has contributed to the elaborate technical ideas by which our program is put on television every Sunday night. After all, there are some seventy people in our cast and the problems of presenting them and rotating them for the TV cameras are staggering.

While Fred himself is known as one of the hardest workers in a business known for its good workers, we don't ever feel that he drives the rest of us. It's just that when you work for an organization with a leader like Fred, you want to put in as much as he does. You want to be part of the Waring kind of music.

His great recreation is golf, but even a game becomes a challenge to a man like Fred. The course at Fred's place at Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania, is one of the finest, and he plays it in the low seventies. Shawnee is near the beautiful Delaware Water Gap, midway between New York and Philadelphia, some eighty or so miles from each city. The Warings used to visit the Inn at Shawnee when they were children growing up in Tyrone, Pennsylvania, and Fred kept going back all through the years. He decided it was the spot he wanted to call home and he finally acquired about a thousand acres, including the Inn, which he runs commercially under an experienced hotel man.

This year Fred is remodeling an old gate house into a beautiful home. His knowledge of architecture, which had been his original choice as a profession, made it possible for him to draw up his own plans for the new house. All the lovely old things that he has found in antique shops across the country will find a place now, and already his gorgeous collection of colored glass is ranged along a long row of high windows where the light turns them into a jeweled crown.

The most important activity in Shawnee, of course, is the Music Workshop that is in session for six weeks every summer. Students come from every state, and from foreign countries. There are choral group directors, teachers, singers—music students of many types. Fred and his staff of seventeen instruct classes limited to not more than fifty-five, in intensive one-week courses. He watches over every activity of the Workshop and takes over the classes twice each day, an hour in the morning and again in the evening, coaching repertory and teaching his own system of singing the "tone syllables" of every word, to bring out the beauty of each sound and eliminate the less musical



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sounds, like the final t's and p's. It's hard to describe on paper, but you can listen for it in any group of Waring singers. It's as individual as Fred's signature on a letter.

To watch him work with a class can be an inspiring thing. He might not like me to tell this incident, but it points up what I mean. A new, young minister who was preaching at a nearby church last summer, came to watch the classes one weekday. Fred was coaching "The Holy City," explaining to the class how the words should be divided into tone syllables to bring out their full beauty and rhythm. Somewhere along the way he seemed to feel they were losing the meaning of the words and were getting lost in technique.

"Do you realize what these words are meant to convey?" he asked suddenly. "Do you yourselves understand their real meaning? Remember, the man who wrote this had seen this Holy City, this wonderful place, and he was filled with the beauty of it. Can you express that to others in your singing?" And he went on to show them how.

The class that day was unusually responsive, and the singing became a really beautiful thing, so that all of us were greatly affected by it. When the session was over, and the minister was introduced to Fred, he expressed what I guess we were all thinking. "Thank you, Mr. Waring," he said, "for a wonderful sermon."

Many of the Pennsylvanians' recordings are made during the summer at Shawnee, in the old town hall which houses the fire department and a children's playschool, started by Fred. Children who visit the Inn with their parents, and youngsters belonging to members of the group who stay at Shawnee for the summer, are a very lucky lot. They have supervised play hours in a well-equipped room, complete with its own kitchen for hot lunches, and they have an outdoor playground and wading and swimming pools.

Fred is a wonderful story-teller, and his laugh is so hearty that it makes you feel good to hear it. He loves to sing, is partial to certain hymns, and will love a song because it has one beautiful phrase in it that appeals to him. He always likes a few of the new songs as they come out, thinks "You'll Never Walk Alone" is one of the most deeply moving things he has ever heard. I guess everyone knows that he wrote the GE theme song, with the notes G and E repeated, and that he's the composer of "I Hear Music," another of our themes. Last year he did a song for the 4H Clubs, called "A Place in the Sun." He's tremendously interested in 4H and the Boy Scouts. His respect for the Scouts goes back to his admiration for his scoutmaster in Tyrone, when he was in the drum and bugle corps, and his love for music was encouraged. That encouragement, of course, was an extension of the fine musical atmosphere that Mother and Father Waring had created for the children at home.

Fred, in turn, has passed all that along to us. When we step out in front of the cameras every Sunday night at nine, we know that our boss is right there too, believing in us, clowning a little if he thinks we're getting tense, proud of his gang and of their kind of music.

I'm proud, too—and also a little humble, when I realize what a lucky day it was for me when my partners auditioned for Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians.

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"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."

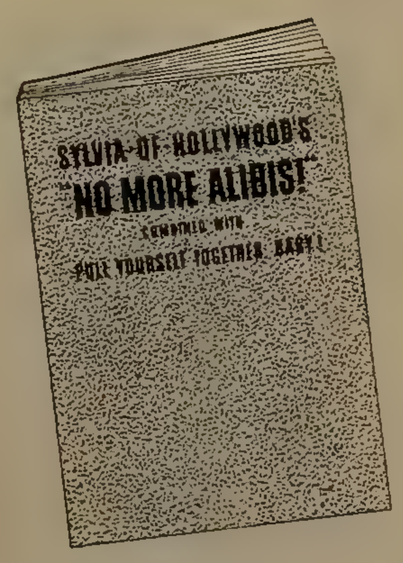


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PARTIAL CONTENTS—NEW EDITION

Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs—Off with That Double Chin! Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose. Advice For The Adolescent—The Woman Past Forty—The Personality Figure, Glamour Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure-For-The-Blues Department, Take a Chance!

R M

People are FUNNY

Their good sportsmanship resulted in an expense-free Paris honeymoon for Shirley Forrand and Dave Osborne



Art Linkletter gives play-by-play description as Dave hangs suspended over tank of water in NBC studio.

One fateful Tuesday night, when Art Linkletter called for young, about-to-be-married couples from the audience of his People Are Funny show, Dave Osborne and Shirley Forrand responded just as a gag. Shirley didn't have much to do, but Dave immediately found himself in a leopard skin suit, barefooted, and with a bucket of ice water hanging over him. In the meantime, Linkletter was supposed to have a movie serial producer listening in as part of a test for Dave's quickness and alertness. As Link pointed out, the serial hero is always supposed to get out of any predicament. Dave got out of the predicament, but when Link checked the producer, the operator said he'd just left for Paris and hadn't heard the show. This went on for four more weeks, with Jungle Dave being menaced in every way possible.

The third week found him hanging on a rickety seat over a tank of quicksand, but by the following week, he had fallen in. He then had $290.00 coming, in addition to the honeymoon trip.

Fifth week was the payoff, with Dave and Link doing a scene where Jungle Dave is supposed to rescue his girl even though he is in a terrible rainstorm. The rain was supplied by John Guedel, producer, who squirted Jungle Dave with seltzer.

When the entire stunt was over, Dave and Shirley were still happy and anxious to be married and on their way to Paris, especially since Shirley's folks are both French and she speaks the language fluently.



By the time Dave finally dropped into the water he was dollars richer and that much closer to Paris.



The payoff: Art Linkletter congratulates Shirley and Dave after successful completion of running stunt.

R Raleigh cigarettes sponsor NBC's
M People Are Funny, emceed by Art Linkletter Tues. at 10:30 P.M. and Sat. at 7:30 P.M. EST.

Enjoy Your Vegetables!

(*Continued from page 55*)

full advantage of the variety of tastes. Most likely you don't eat more than seven or eight different vegetables.

The second test concerns how much you know about their preparation. Mushy vegetables are tasteless and valueless, for their vitamins and minerals have been drained out. So it is important that they be cooked quickly in a covered pot with little water. Once you have learned to retain their flavor and substance with expert cooking, you can turn to the art of mixing vegetables. The Chinese are famous for their succulent, toothsome vegetable dishes. They have shown us that most vegetables are meant to be mixed with each other for there are tart, sharp and bland tastes in nature's foods. The simplest experiment is to flavor them with a little chopped onion, tomato, mint, pimiento or parsley. Spinach, for example, improves when mixed with a few lettuce leaves; a little onion with squash makes the squash taste twice as good; white turnips may be diced and cooked with their own chopped leaves. Remember the leaves of most vegetables are full of flavor, and a wise cook uses them profitably. Actually, herbs are made of leaves and greens before getting fancy French names.

You may use herbs for poultry, meat or fish—what good cook doesn't? You know, then, how they improve the taste of a broil, roast or stew. But you may not have experimented with anything other than mint, parsley or chives in vegetable cookery. If so, you'll find basil improves eggplant, peas, beans, tomato dishes; marjoram's good with spinach, squash, tomatoes and mushrooms; thyme with carrots, peas and onions; a slight bit of sage with stewed tomatoes or string beans; rosemary with peas; savory with string or lima beans. And these are only a few suggestions of what may be done to make the vegetable delightful. Important, too, the use of natural flavor bonuses adds no calories to vegetables as do margarine, butter and butter sauces.

You'll discover, also, that many of these herbs are delicious in salad dressings. Since most people find salads tasteless without dressing, and since salads are among your very best friends, it's worthwhile to take the time to make them appealing to the eye and palate—but with low-calorie dressings! If you must use mayonnaise, thin it down considerably with skimmed milk and lemon juice. French dressing, too, will taste just as good when mixed half and half with water or, for variation, with milk. (In this case, salt the dressing a little first and whip the milk into it so that the milk won't curdle.) Vinegar, also, is a good agent for thinning oil and mayonnaise.

Here, however, is our recommended, low-calorie dressing for all salads:

½ cup skimmed milk, lightly salted
1 teaspoon onion juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 tablespoon minced pimiento
Sprinkle of paprika

Combine milk with lemon juice and flavoring agents and shake thoroughly in small jar with tight-fitting lid. More or less lemon juice or vinegar may be used according to taste. And, of course, you can substitute any of a number of herbs, depending upon your taste.

It's worthwhile to pay a little more for the best vegetables and they can be selected in the market by their appearance. When vegetables are bright in color and firm or crisp, they will have good flavor and high vitamin content. Most canned or frozen vegetables are so processed today that they are as rich in vitamins as market vegetables.

You can see that all of these suggestions are just the beginning. There is no limit to what you can do in your own kitchen to improve on the vegetable so that it will be tasteful. To have health and beauty, you must eat proper food, prepared properly. So eat to reduce—but enjoy it!

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(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1950.

(SEAL)

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Qualified in Bronx County No.03-8045500.
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County Clerks and Registers Offices.
(My commission expires March 30, 19-2)

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

'TWAS A COUPLE OF NIGHTS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE not a creature was stirring . . . they were all absorbed in listening to ABC's fabulous Friday night programs.

Yes, ma'am, here's one handsomely wrapped "package" that'll give you plenty of excitement all season long.

The Santa Claus samaritan of the hills rides into thrilling action at 7:30 PM (EST). Yes, it's THE LONE RANGER offering the special brand of "good will toward men" that makes tingling listening. (Season's greetings and "cheerios" from General Mills.)

THE FAT MAN jovially sets the pace at 8 PM (EST). The portly crime-chaser is a refreshing bracer on a Friday night . . . and at this time of year, appropriately enough, is carried by Camels (Cigarettes, that is!).

What else keeps folks by the fireside on Friday nights? THIS IS YOUR F.B.I. on your local ABC station is one big factor! This great public service Jerry Devine dramatization, with cases taken from actual F.B.I. files, is an 8:30 PM (EST) high-light. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States sponsors this dynamic documentary.

Another Friday night special "fillip" comes along at 9 PM (EST) when THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET gladden your local ABC station's airwaves. OZZIE, HARRIET, DAVID and RICKY continue to whip up family fun that's bright as sunshine. (To quote a "snack" note from the wizard-of-OZZIE: "At noon, at night, at other times . . . warm up with soups by H. J. HEINZ!")

Stay in the saddle, sister, because THE SHERIFF is riding into your home at 9:30 PM (EST). The fearless Friday night enforcer of law and order is a most welcome guest as he tells the tales of the west that everyone likes best. The Pacific Coast Borax Company keeps THE SHERIFF's shiny star well polished.

HARRY WISMER "sparks" the CHAMPION ROLL CALL to sports at 9:55 PM (EST) for Champion Spark Plugs . . . and at 10 PM (EST) you'll thrill to the action of THE FIGHTS . . . punch-ful of Friday night entertainment. Gillette keenly sponsors the series.

That's it for your Friday night pleasure on your local ABC station . . . a prize "package" of variety and spice all season long.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Joan Lansing

Advertisement

Winchell's Winter

(*Continued from page 22*)

every year, almost half his life, in Miami Beach. He will not dispute that those five months are the most significant, the most worthwhile, of the twelve to him.

He gets a letter, occasionally, from a frustrated fan who, wrapping a shawl around her shoulders and throwing another briquet on the grate, has taken pen in icy fingers to haggle with him about his right to bask in the Miami sun while shivering menials in New York do his work for him.

Such a charge is, of course, false in essence. Winchell has written every column that ever appeared under his byline with his own hand on his own typewriter, including the columns signed "Your Girl Friday."

But it's true that he basks in the sun—the late afternoon sun, that is—and why not? Once a woman, seeing him at the two-dollar window at a race track, asked, "What are you doing at a cheap window like this?"

He replied, "I can afford it. Can you?" Well, after years of hard work he can now afford to move his headquarters south with the swallows when the first snows, washed into slush and made into filth by smoke and grit, turn Manhattan into one of the most disagreeable places to live in the world.

But if you think he is shirking anything, his column or his radio show or his Runyon Fund activities or the monumental responsibilities resting on him because of his position as the most widely-read, the most listened-to commentator in the world—

Ah, but observe him in Miami, as he "neglects" his affairs for the races, the golf-green, the beach!

Catch him at the Hialeah racetrack, for instance, as this reporter did—say on the Saturday the Widener, a $50,000 handicap, is being run. In all the excitement of a record-day crowd at a great track, you see and hear a tiny stir of super excitement at the gates, like a miniature A-bomb going off in the midst of a hurricane. It's Winchell, of course, with Joe E. Lewis, the famous nightclub comedian, and one or two other people dancing attendance. They manage to clear through the mob and disappear in the reserved-box section.

A few minutes later you squeeze your way into the press box. Walter is talking to three people at once, signing autographs on programs held out to him from the stands, and trying to get a line on the next race. He will bet two dollars on each race and be as dismayed when he loses, as he is delighted when he wins.

But there is not much time for studying scratch sheets or listening to the tips everyone within sight has for him. Up comes a lady from the stands, with a personal axe to grind. "I'm the one who wrote you that letter yesterday," she says, with monumental self-assurance.

Walter's expression, one of genial good-humor, does not for an instant flick out of character, although yesterday's mail had over a thousand letters in it and he does not know this woman from Eve. "Of course," he says. And waits for a cue.

"Just as I wrote you, I think that show at the Blank Club was absolutely shocking. I was *too* embarrassed! Now you *will* take up an immediate crusade against that horribly indecent place in your column right away, won't you?"

The little trigger in the fabulous Winchell mind clicks: you can almost hear the gears beginning to grind. This is old stuff, and he has an answer ready. "I've never been there myself," he explains, "but I know the kind of show you mean. I panned a place like that once and so many people went there out of curiosity afterwards that the joint made a mint. You can do more than I can to stop that sort of thing—just stay away. If enough people stay away, the job's done."

The lady retires, satisfied. A tall, thin young man is waiting at Winchell's elbow. He pulls a dollar bill from his watch pocket and hands it to Walter. "One of those Short-Snorters for the Runyon Fund," he says diffidently. Winchell thanks him, glances at the bill, does a double-take and grabs the man's arm; for this dollar bill covered with signatures of men who had flown overseas during wartime with the donor is one of the rarest pieces of paper in the world. It bears the signature of Wendell Willkie . . .

Walter has barely had a chance to thank the young man adequately when Tony Martin, looking tanned and fit, steps up for a word or two. As he leaves another, older man takes his place and Winchell begins to laugh ruefully. He introduces the man—one of the greatest newspaper handicappers in the country. A few days ago, Walter explains, someone offered to give the Runyon Fund a horse, to be named Runyon Fund and race only for money to fight cancer. Another, more likely deal was already under way and Winchell, who knew nothing about the horse, asked this handicapper what the nag's chances were.

"I'd buy him," the man said.

But Winchell figured the odds. If the unknown horse lost under the Runyon Fund colors, the Fund would have a bad name with every big potential Fund-contributor who had bet on him. He dared not take such a long chance with anything so important to the Fund, so he turned the offer down.

And of course the bangtail came streaking home next day, an easy winner at incredible odds.

"Okay," Winchell says to the handicapper, "you were right." Walter probably had two bucks on the horse's nose himself—but the Runyon Fund is something he will not gamble with.

Walter finds it more difficult to make the same distinctions between his personal and public life. Strictly speaking, his sanctum-sanctorum suite in the Roney Plaza has little to do with how he lives in Miami, since it is only the place where he hangs his hat, undoes his tie and sits down for a long session with telephone and typewriter—and where, when he gets around to it, he sleeps. It's probably a good deal smaller than the house you live in, but by hotel standards it's colossal, being two suites on the ocean front, thrown together to provide an enormous living room, a bedroom and an office.

There are two telephones, one provided by the Roney and the other a private number for Walter's personal use. This one has a gadget on it so he can turn it off when he chooses.

The very nature of Walter's occupation makes it impossible for him to have a home life even remotely similar to what the average American thinks of as normal. The nature of the man is all against it, too. A radio and newspaper commentator of Winchell's unique stature hasn't any time to be "at home," and his personality does not exactly fit into the armchair, slippers-by-the-fireside category.

He must be, as a reporter, where things are going on; and by choice he prefers action, excitement, lights, crowds and noise. True, he has a family estate near Scarsdale, New York, complete with swimming pool and all the fixings, where he can, if and when he likes, lead the retired life of a country gentleman. He seldom does. The family apartment in a large cosmopolitan hotel on Central Park South suits his mood far better.

It is during the five months each year when he is in residence at the Roney in Miami Beach that he feels he is off the rat race, relaxing, taking it easy. Let us see, by creating a kind of composite typical day and following him through it, by what means and in what fashion this fifty-three-year-old national institution takes his ease in America's most fabulous playground . . .

It is only two o'clock—in the afternoon—when he awakes. (This is in itself the most important difference between his life here and in New York, since his Manhattan morning ordinarily begins at five P. M.) There are no covers to throw back, the temperature being in the upper seventies, so he hops out of bed, goes into his office and turns on his private phone. It is ringing. Shuddering, he turns it off again and on the house phone calls the suite where his wife, his daughter Walda and his son Walter Jr. are stationed for their six-weeks visit.

Junior, it turns out, left at dawn for the City Docks to go fishing, but Walda and Mrs. Winchell are at home and open to suggestions. Breakfast (lunch to them) in a nearby restaurant? Fine.

It is a Monday. The radio broadcast is over for another week, Walter is two columns ahead of schedule—he can enjoy a day of uninterrupted relaxation. And so he does, like this:

After breakfast, it appears Mrs. Winchell and Walda have some shopping to do over on Lincoln Road, the Fifth Avenue of Miami Beach. Back in his suite, Walter lazily copes with a few phone calls—one from Egypt, three from Hollywood, half a dozen from New York. He puts through a few calls himself, one to London and others to various places in North and South America. (His average daily phone bill runs to two hundred dollars.)

Paul Scheffels, a tall, thin, efficient young man who is his radio producer and general lieutenant, has turned up carrying a depressingly large sheaf of telegrams and important-looking letters. But this is a day of rest for Walter, remember?

Going to the windows of his living room, Winchell stares down at the private beach and cabana colony, singles out his own cabana, and takes stock of the little group of people clustered in front of it. There is another hour or two of sunshine left in the day and he'd like to take advantage of it. Fortunately for his radio show and column, that cabana has been the logical focal point for people who for reasons personal or otherwise would like to have a talk

with Walter Winchell. Joseph Schenck, Vice President Alben Barkley, Louella Parsons, Leslie Biffle, Glenn McCarthy —these and dozens of others of the biggest names in Government, show business and industry have gathered there this winter. Walter sees them all.

Sometimes, however, the crowd consists of people like the lady who was embarrassed at the night club, and today Walter is in no mood for that. By an odd chance, only three old friends are waiting now; so he climbs into swim-trunks and sets forth.

Stop now, for just a second, and recall the beautiful June morning when you stepped out of your front door and thought, "Why, it's the first day of summer!" Remember how blue the sky was, with just a few puffs of whipped cream clouds on the horizon? How fresh the air smelled?

Well, add a tang of sea salt to that, substitute a few royal palms for the chestnuts and maples on your lawn; put white coral sand under your feet and adjust the thermostat in your mind to about 78 degrees. Then walk with Walter out to his cabana on this fine afternoon.

Until this moment he has been relatively alone. He would like to stay that way, and there is every chance that he will. His usual "gang"—Scheffels, Irving Mandell (a public relations man) and two or three other pals who come and go throughout the season—will be in attendance. And since he has decided not to go to the track today, a mere dozen or so local and visiting personalities will join him as he suns himself.

Arthur Godfrey will probably drop in for a few minutes, and Milton Berle, and Sophie Tucker with a wonderful new story, and Joe E. Lewis. A senator with something to say about the current cold war situation; a couple of dancers from a new act at one of the late spots, asking advice; a representative of a committee working up a local benefit show; someone with a new idea on how to make money for the Runyon Fund—these will stop and talk and move on.

He's in luck, his privacy practically undisturbed.

But the sun goes down in Miami too, even if the Chamber of Commerce would have you believe otherwise, and Walter's true day will start within another hour. He changes from trunks to slacks and shirt, and makes for his daily date with the barber. There's a phone in the barber shop, of course, one he can't turn on or off . . .

He has made a date with his wife and daughter (his son hasn't returned from the fishing trip) for dinner. He drives them in his sleek convertible to Ciro's, where the food is excellent. the service superb and the atmosphere quiet because the evening is still but a pup. Not more than five people come up to his table to talk to him while he is dining, and such a small number doesn't count. He has had a quiet dinner with his family, after all.

While the day is still so young Walter, back at the hotel once more, would like to get in some practice on the putting green. Golf is his newest enthusiasm. He hasn't reached the point where he feels qualified to try himself on a full-sized golf-course, but he is going to try this one, anyway. (Earlier in the season, just after famous golfer Walter Hagen sent him a putter, Walter found his putting practice curtailed by the fact that night usually fell before he had a chance to limber up on the green. The Roney's amiable manager quickly corrected that situation. He installed lights.)

Frank Stranahan, another golfer of national repute, is around to give him some pointers and to make a contest of the game. Stranahan wins, of course, and Walter will report the fact in his column next day. If and when he beats Frank he'll report that too—in italics.

But it is time to start the rounds of the clubs, and now the Winchell day begins to take on pace, the rhythm of a busy man having a busy holiday. The first stop is Copa City, designed by Norman Bel Geddes. A visiting wit, upon viewing the acres of glass front, dance space and numerous lounges comprising this palace of pleasure, recently remarked, "Now I'm really convinced that Norman has an edifice complex," and you can well believe it. One show is going on in the enormous cocktail lounge, another in the club itself.

Walter doesn't stay long, having seen both shows. Mrs. Winchell and Walda want to hear Joe E. Lewis and sit listening to his elfin whimsies while Winchell talks to a man from the Miami Beach Police Department Benevolent Association. He's in a sad way, it seems.

"We're putting on our annual show next week," he explains, "but the chief doesn't want us to sell tickets directly —lots of people take that as strong-arm stuff—and it looks like a flop. It's a good cause and a lot of deserving people are going to take the rap. Have you got any suggestions?"

"Hm," says Walter, getting the old Winchell glint in his eye. This is strictly his meat. "Tell you what I'll do—suppose I round up some radio and picture stars who're in town, put the show on the air and emcee it myself? I'll plug it in the column plenty of time in advance. As a starter, you can send a thousand buck's worth of tickets over to the Vet's Hospital in Coral Gables, and bill me. Now let's see, will Martin and Lewis still be here—?"

(The show was a sellout, with hundreds turned away from the doors.)

The next stop is the Beachcomber, where Walter loses his tie. It is made of a dollar bill, Walter wears it tonight with a special idea in mind.

The idea works. A rich tourist sees the tie, likes it, and asks to buy it. "Twenty bucks for the Runyon Fund buys it," Walter says.

Whereupon someone reminds him that it is time for the private showing of a movie at a local theater. He can't see *every* play and movie produced, or watch *every* TV show or read *every* book, so he is willing to quote cumulative opinions for his column. Really important pictures, however, he does see. A print has been flown down from New York and will be run off for him and his party as soon as the last stragglers have left a local theater.

It is two A. M. when he finishes this. Time for a quick bite of supper somewhere nearby—then at three, home.

Bedtime will be an hour later tonight. He has, a few days before, read into his tape recorder a portion of next Sunday's broadcast—the editorial section—and now is a good time to play it back, make corrections, cut out a line here, add one there. But by four-thirty the lights are out, the phone is cut off, the only sound is the rustling of curtains in the soft early morning breeze and the murmur of surf.

It has been a quiet, easy day and he's had a real rest. Tomorrow, of course, he'll have to get busy again—but for the moment he is mightily pleased with himself. It has been a good holiday.



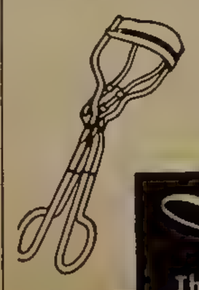
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"Such Beautiful Music"

(*Continued from page 26*)

after." Now I was about to find out.

Actually, my marriage has been more like a fairy tale than anything else. It all started once upon a time—a little less than two years ago to be exact—on Stop the Music. Remember the silver-toned crooner who has the singing spot on the show? I'm sure you do. That's Dick, the one and only man in my life. He literally swept me off my feet in a whirlwind romance that left me breathless for the first time in years.

On Sunday evenings, I play Patsy on Nick Carter—Master Detective, where I scream at least once a week and help Nick solve myriads of crimes. At that time I was on Stop the Music, too, and I'd have to dash right over from the Nick Carter show.

I arrived rather late one night last May and took the only empty seat on the stage—right behind Dick.

He turned around and whispered, "How about a cup of coffee afterwards?"

I shook my head. "Got a date."

"How about tomorrow?"

"Uh-uh, busy." I didn't even know him, I thought to myself. Why should I bother to go out with him—even if he was so handsome?

The following Saturday, I bumped into him on the dance floor of one of the hotels in New York. He was with a lovely-looking redhead, and he scarcely said, "hello," to me.

When I saw him again after the show on Sunday, I stopped him outside the studio. "That was a beautiful girl you were dancing with last night. Are you in love with her?"

"Nope." Dick grinned at me. "I'm in love with you."

So we made a date for the next day. Dick picked me up at my apartment, and informed me that "you're going to be married to me by December."

I laughed then, but a month later it wasn't a joke. It was love. By July 21st we were engaged, and Dick pulled a classic on the television show, This is Show Business. That's where entertainers present their problems to a panel of advisers, consisting of George S. Kaufman, Abe Burrows, a guest, and Clifton Fadiman (moderator).

"Now that I'm getting married," Dick told them, "my future wife says I should conserve my strength and not go out of town so much." (He sings in the nightclub circuit outside of New York, and I had once kidded him about it.)

"You won't be going out of town much longer," Kaufman promised him. "You're so handsome, I'm going to have to do a show with you."

"You're beautiful," added Burrows.

Dick broke up the show. "Sorry, boys," he quipped. "I'm engaged."

We decided not to wait for December. When you're engaged, you see each other every day and you might just as well be married. So we jumped the gun early in October, and had a delayed honeymoon two months later—five glorious days together basking in the Florida sunshine and making love under a Miami moon.

Dick likes to kid me about our wedding day. "Remember, honey, when we were married and you went to work the same night?"

I went to work *every* night that first week; Dick must have felt like the proverbial stage-door Johnny. The second week he went to Washington on a nightclub assignment, and I know I felt like a grass widow. It hasn't been much different since. I work regularly on a number of radio shows. The Brighter Day, Nick Carter, and Twenty Questions. I also narrate Fashions On Parade for Yesterday's Newsreels. That means that I'm forever popping in and out of the apartment. Dick goes out of town every other week, flies into New York on Sundays for Stop the Music when he can. I am unable to join him on the road because of my radio commitments.

With careers like ours, you might wonder how Dick and I manage to stay married at all, no less blissfully married. It's easy, really. I've always felt that two people, who are in love and who really work at marriage, have happiness right in the palms of their hands. If they understand each other, share common interests, have fun together (as Dick and I do), they can't miss. Our pattern is a simple one, and we've never yet had even one good solid argument. Day by day, we work all our problems out together; professionally, we leave each other strictly alone. Dick does the singing; I do the acting. (Or as my friends put it: "Dick does the singing, Charlotte does the talking.")

When I start warbling off-key in the shower or behind a dust cloth, he brandishes his razor and breaks into Shakespeare:

"Is this a dagger that I see before me . . .?"

I know when I'm licked. All Dick has to do is make me laugh.

He has a wonderful sense of humor. It never fails him, even in the morning when I'm so grouchy I can't even talk before I've had my second cup of coffee. He can cook, too. There's a sensational kind of omelet he whips up sometimes when we get hungry around midnight. I don't know what he puts in it, but it certainly tastes good.

There never was any question of my giving up my career when we married. Dick is as proud of my acting as I am of his singing. He understands what I mean when I say, "How can you turn your back on happiness?" I'd rather have a good role—one that's a challenge—than all the money in the world. My husband rates number one priority, and I make sure he never doubts that. But acting is my hobby, and I would feel only half a person without it.

My career was really the beginning of the fairy tale. The store opens several years ago, when I hung my college diploma on the bedroom wall, buried my teaching license in the bottom dresser drawer, and set out from Brooklyn by subway to seek fame and fortune in the theater.

I had a letter of introduction to a producer, who might be able to help me get a toehold on Broadway, I hoped. But I stumbled into the Theater Guild office by mistake. That turned out to be the luckiest mistake I ever made. Two men were sitting in the office, pouring over a script. They told me where I could find my producer, then followed me to the door.

"Just a minute. Are you an actress?"

"Yes, I am." It wasn't a lie, really. I'd won a scholarship to New York University through my work with the Washington Square Players.

"Fine." The two men beamed at me. "Take off your hat."

I was hired on the spot to understudy the lead in "Ringside Seat," a forthcoming Broadway play.

Then things started happening—the unpredictable, sensational things that won me the title of "Cinderella Girl" and, years later, delivered me into the arms of Dick Brown, Prince Charming *extraordinare*.

The night "Ringside Seat" opened on the Great White Way, my good fairy waved her magic wand and our leading lady lost her voice. With my heart pounding and my stomach doing setting-up exercises, I went on in her place. It was Thanksgiving week, and the play was right in season—a turkey. But I got fabulous reviews. The night before we closed, there came a knock on my dressing room door. It was a director from NBC.

"You have a lovely voice," he congratulated me. "If you're interested in radio, come and see me."

I'd been trained in Shakespeare, Shaw and Sheridan; I didn't know one bit of radio lingo. But I did know opportunity when I heard it. I marched around to NBC, auditioned for Parade of Progress, and got the glamor-girl lead over two hundred other young hopefuls. My pumpkin really had turned into a coach. Only then it was the subway back to Brooklyn, and I had to break the news to my family.

Mother and Dad were wonderful. They hadn't wanted me to become an actress. But they'd made a bargain with me. "Get your teaching license first. Then take a crack at the theater for a year."

I had kept my word. Now they kept theirs, as they always had. Mother brought out our best china and threw a dinner party. Dad kept proposing toasts to me—over wine, water and coffee. I think they really were proud of me, even though I was determined to read from scripts and not from textbooks.

I soon found out I had a lot to learn. What I didn't know about radio would have filled a New York public library. The first time a director said, "Fade," to me, I lowered my voice to a whisper. The engineers in the control room nearly dropped their ear phones. What I was supposed to do was simply to back away from the microphone. Any radio extra knows that. Once I even lost out on a part, because my voice made a clicking noise over the mike during tryouts. No, not false teeth; I had a cough drop under my tongue.

But my good fairy was right in there pitching. Within three months, I was signed to play the lead on an Arch Oboler show, and had gotten the starring role in Society Girl. Thereby hangs a tale of mistaken identity that would have delighted the soul of my old friend, Shakespeare.

It began one rainy afternoon when I was walking down Fifth Avenue. A chauffeur-driven Cadillac pulled up to the curb, and a middle-aged woman leaned out from the back seat. "Can I give you a lift, Brenda?"

Who me? I looked behind me and all around, then did a double-take. Nobody else was in sight. "No, thanks," I shrugged that one off.

Toward the end of the week I had a date for dinner and the movies. In the restaurant, people kept turning around to stare at me. I was beginning to

think I had two heads. Later, outside the Music Hall at Radio City, I was mobbed. "Can I have your autograph, huh? Please, Miss Frazier, will you give me your autograph?" We finally escaped to the balcony and hid in the last row on the side.

By that time, it had dawned on me. By some quirk of fate, I was passing for Brenda Frazier, the most publicized Deb of the Year. It was a break for me. CBS decided I was a natural for Society Girl, and shipped me off on a back-breaking tour of the nightclubs. I had to sign a contract, promising not to marry for a year. But that was all right with me. I was strictly the career girl in those days. Besides, Dick Brown hadn't yet appeared on the scene.

I don't know how I became a soap opera queen. It must have been that good fairy of mine working overtime. But I do know that the first time I heard my own voice on a recording, I was horrified.

"I have the worst voice," I almost wept to Mother. "How can anybody give me a job?"

But they did. In 1940, Princeton voted me "Actress of the Year," and I went off on a good-will tour around the country for the Columbia Broadcasting System. During the next five years, I played in almost every daytime serial from the title role in Stepmother to The Romance of Helen Trent. I was Rose Kransky (the first character in radio to have an illegitimate baby), Carson McVicker (lady psychiatrist) and scores of other daytime heroines. Along came the quiz shows and giveaways, and I turned into the voice of sponsors.

Doing commercials is fun and not nearly so anonymous as it sounds, I discovered. When Twenty Questions went on television, for instance, the Ronson Girl (yours truly again) was the only character who didn't appear on the screen. That first week, my mail box was jammed with letters from fans, begging me to "Stick your head in the camera." I really felt good then.

I used to say I'd never marry a man in the same profession. I was dead wrong about that. For Dick and I get along beautifully. Our work is different enough so that we can't compete, yet close enough so that we understand each other's problems. When Dick has cocktails with a girl at the club or I have lunch with men from the studio, we both know it's strictly business. He never thinks twice about my erratic hours; he's used to them himself. I don't resent his night club work away from New York either, though I do miss him when he's away. But my own experience has taught me how important it is for him to do what he enjoys most.

There's one danger in a marriage like ours. It would be easy to slip into the habit of leading separate lives even when we can be together. Dick underscored that quite unwittingly in connection with our honeymoon, and we both laughed about it afterwards. My vacation began four days before his.

"You go to Florida early, honey," he told me. "I'll join you later."

"Why, Dick, this is our honeymoon. A husband and wife usually spend that together. It's an old American custom?"

See what I mean about separate lives? I'm never going to let that happen.

Dick moved into my apartment when we were married, the housing shortage being still with us. Things didn't look very different at first, except that there were shirts in all the drawers where my clippings used to be, and I once mistook his shaving cream for the toothpaste.

Then gradually we redecorated. Now our two and a half rooms express Dick's personality as well as mine.

We spend a great deal of time at home, as a matter of fact. We both prefer it that way. Night life is no holiday for Dick, and I had enough of a butterfly existence when I was single. It's wonderful to be able to relax in our own living room of an evening and to entertain friends there if they happen to drop by to see us. When we're alone, we usually have dinner by candlelight. Then, the dishes out of the way, Dick settles down to his pipe and I to the yellow sweater I'm making for him. I used to make all my own clothes, but knitting is a talent I picked up along with my wedding ring. We play one game of gin rummy every night before we go to bed, and Dick insists I cheat because I always win. I point out that I used to be the backgammon champion of Connecticut when I spent my summers there, and he tells me that back home in Ohio he was always a whiz at chess.

We always seem to have so much to talk about. Perhaps that's because our courtship was so fast that we didn't have time to find out much about each other. Perhaps it's because our early lives were so different. I was an only child, born and bred in Brooklyn. I went to school by streetcar and subway and played in crowded parks. Dick, one of six children, comes from a small midwestern town, where school was a hop and a jump from home, and the gang gathered afterwards to kick a football around a vacant lot or to have Coke dates in the corner drugstore.

I remember how surprised he was when I told him that I'm a frustrated singer myself. My mother was studying voice when she married my father. In those days, she wanted her child to have the career she'd missed, though she changed her mind later. So, while she was carrying me, she sang constantly. Unfortunately, I was born tone deaf, but with a tremendous voice, so tremendous that I was forbidden to sing in the school assembly.

I had my heyday, though, years later, when I sang with Richard Himber and his orchestra. We opened with "Are you havin' any fun?" and every time I went off key, I just sang louder.

Dick surprised me, too, not so long ago. He's been all over the country, playing nightclubs and radio. He spent several years broadcasting from the West Coast. But, back in 1944, he had a program singing over the Mutual Broadcasting System right here in New York. We figured out that I was rehearsing Nick Carter one floor above the studio where he was singing.

"You see," I scolded him. "If you'd just been energetic enough to walk up one flight of stairs, we could have had three or four children by now."

"That's all right, honey," he consoled me. "When we do have 'em, they're going to be very talented."

"You bet. Sing like you and act like me."

Dick broke in with a loud guffaw. "What'll we do if it's the other way around? Drown 'em?"

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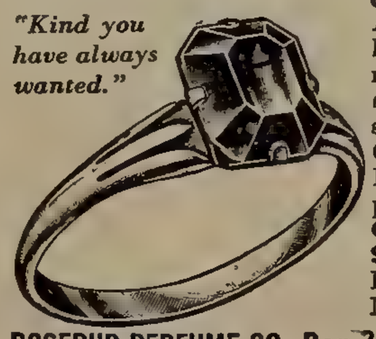


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"There's Only You..."

(*Continued from page 54*)

into his professional life. I didn't like it, either; it was actually taking advantage of his feeling for me to push somebody off on him who might not be good enough to waste Barry's time with.

No—I took that back. Remembering the way Cal had sung that song of his—the one he'd written—I knew he *was* good. It might be I'd be doing Barry a favor, finding him a big new star. All the time I was on the phone with Mrs. Calucchi I was telling myself that, but when I hung up I didn't go right ahead and phone Barry at home. "Tomorrow," I thought. "At the office. More businesslike that way."

Mrs. Calucchi came through with a room, and by talking very fast about how Cal must move down there the very next day I was able to get him out without making any promises about Barry. I didn't want to sit around speculating about his chances, I wanted to have a definite appointment with Barry before I allowed the subject to be brought up.

Earlier than it was possible to get hold of Barry, next morning, I started to try. Finally I got the tired voice of Hilda, his secretary. She groaned when I told her what I wanted. "He'll be insane by the end of today, pulling his hair out," she warned me. "You know his show is scheduled to open in two weeks? The way it looks now they'll *never* get this show on the road. Can't you put off your business till next week?"

Next week—by then, unless I was wrong, Cal Duncan would be living on soda crackers. "Hilda, it can't wait!"

"That's what they all say. Song writers, dance directors, Lise Martaine herself, they're all going to take overdoses of things immediately if they don't get to see him. Okay," she said sadly. "Come up. I'll slip you in somehow."

It was a bad beginning. I called Cal and told him, but in spite of his gratitude and excitement I didn't feel any lift. When I met him and we went up together on the subway my gloom got worse. It didn't feel like a good day. The subway was so jammed, Barry's office was so busy. In spite of Hilda's encouraging wave, we sat and sat and sat. But Cal—he had to have his chance. If I could help him, I had to; he'd sort of made it my business. So we sat it out, not talking. Every now and then he cleared his throat. That was all.

By the time Hilda gave us the sign to go in, Cal was numb. He didn't even return the quick squeeze I gave his hand for encouragement. As we reached the private door, a woman came out, and I caught a glimpse of dark, flashing eyes and a very red mouth and an armful of what looked like sables, only I've never been that close to any before so I wouldn't know. In fact I got more than a glimpse, because she took her time giving Cal such a long, slow look that we all seemed to be stopped there for minutes. Then she smiled, right into his eyes, flicked a measuring glance over me and went on. Lise Martaine—I recognized her from her pictures. Cal just stood there looking till I gave him a poke. This was no time for him to be taking his mind off his work!

My conscience gave *me* a poke when I saw how white-faced Barry was. Somehow I'd never thought of him as a hard-working man before. When he took me out, or came down to see us at the Book Shop, he was always so calm and light-hearted and well-dressed—a typical rich man's son, which is what he'd been before he turned to producing. Of course he was a big success, and I know you don't get that without working hard for it, but still it was a shock to see circles under his eyes.

He said it was nice to meet Cal, and listened quietly while I explained our business. And yet, though nothing changed, I thought there was a funny twist to his mouth as he asked Cal some questions. How long he'd been singing, and what he'd done. Then he said, "Well, Mr. Duncan, if you're ready—do you have a guitar with you? I've never heard cowboy songs without one."

It was the first time I'd realized that Cal didn't. I was panic-stricken. I began to say, "Maybe you can lend him one," but Cal interrupted me by clearing his throat.

"No, I don't. I wanted to do something different for you, Mr. Markman. Not cowboy stuff. Something more artistic."

It was a complete shock to me. He hadn't mentioned any such plan. "Aren't you going to do your own song?" I burst out. "You know, the one—about 'There's Only One of Me'? I wanted Barry to hear you sing that one, Cal—it's perfect for you." There was an urgent message in my voice, as I tried to tell Cal that he *must* sing something he knew he did well for this important trial. It was so unbelievably stupid for him to pick this time to become "artistic" that I couldn't believe he was serious. But he shook his head stubbornly.

"No, Miss Chichi, if Mr. Markham doesn't mind, I'll just pick a few chords on his piano here and do this other song. I don't want to be just a cowboy singer."

He didn't look at me and my message went unanswered. "I don't mind anything if you'll just get to it," Barry said. His voice hadn't changed, but suddenly I knew it was no use, no use at all. He wasn't exactly angry—but upset. Not in any mood to give Cal a fair hearing. All he wanted was to get us over with and out. Crossing my fingers, I sat down as far away from Barry as possible. It was out of my hands now. Barry was antagonistic and Cal was stubborn and mistaken and I almost hated them both.

Cal looked all wrong without his guitar. He didn't seem to know where to look or what to do with his face. Going to the piano, he picked out a few chords, and then nodded. He lifted his head and sang.

"None But the Lonely Heart"—that was the song he sang. As I listened, I thought loyally that really his voice was nice to listen to. But still and all the song was wrong for him. I'd heard it many times on the radio. I knew how it should be sung—sort of rich and powerful and yet tender. Cal's voice—well, I'm no judge, but I knew his voice wasn't like that, rich and powerful. I remembered it out on the hill in the moonlight—soft, gentle, with an easy rise and fall like a breeze playing around your hair and your cheeks. I had to think back and remember, because there in Barry's office it didn't sound like that at all.

When he finished, nobody said anything. Barry's face was very grave; I don't think he'd smiled once since he saw us. Finally he said. "You've got a pleasant voice, Mr. Duncan, a good and easy voice to listen to. I can't say more than that." He picked up a pen and put it down again. "Quite honestly, I don't think it's an unusual voice."

"Isn't it enough to be good?" I asked in a small voice. Barry shook his head. "Chichi—no. Good voices are cheaper than a dime a dozen in this town. A successful singer has got to have so much more than just a nice voice that I can't begin to tell you about it. Certainly not in the little time I've got—though I don't mean to be rude—"

"Oh, sure I know you're up to your ears." I got up and made myself march to the door. I wanted to pound on Barry's desk and insist that he give Cal a chance, but that would have been a little silly. He *had* given Cal a chance. Cal had flopped. What did I want Barry to do: say that Cal had a star-type voice when he didn't? After all, Barry was my friend. I had no business turning against him in my mind just because Cal had come into my life.

Dimly I heard Cal thank Barry and say something to him, I don't know what, and then we were outside. We spoke only once on the way downtown, when Cal said, "I want to thank you,

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TUNE IN "My True Story"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

Miss Chichi—" and I snapped, "Wait, wait, I'm thinking."

I was being a little sorry I hadn't pounded on the desk. A funny thought was teasing me. Was it possible that Barry had made himself see Cal's voice as being not quite good enough because he—well, because he was so fond of me himself? Of course he had no right to assume there was anything personal between Cal and me, because there wasn't . . . yet. Or had Barry seen more than I saw? In the very fact that I'd bothered him on Cal's behalf, had almost forced my way in when he was so busy already. And maybe in the way Cal looked at me and bent down, so tenderly, when he talked to me. Had Barry in his quick, sensitive way, seen that Cal and I—well, that we might be falling for each other? I began to get mad. First of all, we weren't. At least not that I could put my finger on. Cal hadn't said anything to me about love . . . If Barry Markham was going to let a personal thing like that stand in the way of another man's whole life, the career that meant everything to him, he was going to hear from me about it!

Papa David should have been reading my mind right then, he would have given me such a lecture on dishonest thinking—one of his favorite topics—as I've never had. What could have been more dishonest than thinking like that about Barry when only half an hour before in his office I myself had *known* that Cal wasn't singing well? But it didn't suit me to face that, so I twisted everything around and made out a case against Barry. Isn't it terrible what you can do in your very own mind to make a hash out of a perfectly straightforward situation that you just don't happen to like?

Papa David was out when we reached the Book Shop, and I remembered he was over having a bite of lunch with Father McGarry. Taking off my hat, I told Cal to sit down and I'd fix something for lunch, but my heart wasn't in it and when he looked at me with his unhappy eyes and said, "Miss Chichi, I'm afraid I really can't swallow a bite," I had to confess I felt the same way. We agreed to settle for coffee, and I'd just got it started when the phone rang.

"I won't answer it," I muttered as I went toward it. "On such a day nothing can happen but bad news." But I picked it up anyway, naturally. It was Barry.

"Chichi? Glad I caught you. Look—is Duncan there?"

"Yes," I answered my tone making it sound like "What's it to you?"

"I've been thinking," Barry said. There was a silence during which I felt my blood pressure going right up to the roof. "I don't want to be—I'd hate you to think I hadn't given the guy a fair chance. I'm only one man, you know, I could be wrong. Does it mean a lot to you—?"

"Oh, yes, Barry! It was all wrong this morning. If you'd only heard him sing one of the right songs, you'd see—"

"Well, okay," said Barry. "We'll do it all over again. Get him down here tomorrow and if I like him any better, it turns out there's a between-curtains spot in my show that I might be able to throw him into. Nothing much, but—"

"Nothing *much!* Barry, you'd be giving him the whole world on a platter!"

"Well, let's see how it goes," Barry said, and we hung up.

Cal was stunned when I told him. He couldn't seem to take it in.

"He just knows he didn't hear you sing the right kind of song," I said firmly. "Tomorrow you sing your own song. It'll all work out right, you'll see."

I was so absolutely sure of that, I didn't go with Cal the next day. I sat home pretending to do some mending and listening for the phone, thinking sometimes, "I should have gone and helped him out," and sometimes, "No—I brought him bad luck yesterday. Today will be different." When it finally rang, I fell over a chair trying to get to it fast. It was Barry, not Cal.

"So that's that," he said. "Are you happy?"

"What are you talking about?"

"You mean your pal didn't rush to the nearest phone and tell you the good news?" Barry chuckled. "I'm delighted he let me get to you first. He's in, Chichi. I heard him do that song you were talking about yesterday—'There's Only One of Me'—and it was a whale of a difference."

"Barry, how terrific! And he'll be in the show and everything?"

"I don't know about everything. He'll have his chance, that's all I can do. Actually," Barry said, his voice very serious, "it was partly Lise Martaine that decided me. She was in the office and insisted on staying while he sang. You know her, temperament by the shovelful. When I saw her reaction to the guy I began to think maybe he's the kind who leaves men cold but has something in his voice that talks to women, if you know what I mean. She really sparked to him—to his voice. In fact she practically adopted him—carried him right off to lunch so they could talk about their art together." Barry laughed. "That's probably why he hasn't been able to get to a phone. Lise's like a bulldog when she wants her own way."

"Really?" I said. "What on earth would she want with Cal? She must be a thousand years older than he is." I'd only seen pictures of Lise Martaine, outside of that glimpse the day before, but every detail of her face and figure sprang up before me. She has one of those one-in-a-million perfect figures, slim, graceful, and those legs! That was what had made her name, not her singing—Barry himself had told me that when he hired her for his show. But at least she wasn't young, not really young. That was something.

Barry said, "I wouldn't know. Be seeing you, darling." He hung up before I could put Lise out of my mind long enough to thank him from the heart the way I felt it.

Cal didn't call, but it wasn't long before he came home. He was almost hysterical with happiness. The only thing that bothered him was that Barry had already told me the news. "I wish I could have been the one to tell you," he said.

I didn't point out that by simply going into a phone booth and putting in a nickel he *could* have been the one. He had already explained that Lise Martaine had practically kidnapped him from Barry's office and swept him off to lunch, during which she had told him a great deal about the profession that he'd never known. She'd been so kind to go to all that trouble, he said, that he couldn't break away to get to a phone . . . Oh well. I dismissed Lise from my world. Tonight it must be only Cal and me and the biggest, best celebration we could think of.

We had so much fun that night! I hadn't seen Cal like that before, gay and laughing and full of exultant

Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

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energy. We had dinner at a place uptown that was much too expensive, but wonderful, and then we went to a movie, and then we went some place and danced and then we walked in the Park.

It wasn't only the big news that had gone to Cal's head. It was the town too. He'd never seen it like that before, at night, blazing with lights and noisy with taxis, all the good places to eat and the movies and hotels with people pouring in and out, in and out. He was dazzled. "It's going to be my town," he kept saying. "I'm going to belong here!"

Unexpectedly, I thought of the hilltop in Texas with that great, unbelievable moon hanging above it. "Are you so sure it's what you want, Cal?" I asked.

"Sure? Why, it's *everything!* Don't you love it? Don't you feel it, the excitement, the lift it gives you? And not just to live here, but to be a success here, with everybody knowing who you are—" He glanced down at me, and his voice changed. "Well, that's not so, Chichi. It's not what I call everything. Not yet. There's the most important thing yet to come . . ." His eyes held mine with a look that was like a touch, and his voice drew a curtain around us on the crowded street. It seemed to come from far away, and yet to be speaking from inside me . . ."The most important thing in life, but it has to wait," he said. "Until I know for sure. Until I'm a real success. Then . . ."

It was like being promised a ticket to the moon. *The most important thing in life . . .* was what he'd said. *But it has to wait.* Oh, I was willing to wait! His words had released something in me, a stubborn shell that had been guarding something I didn't want to admit. It was too big, maybe, too complicated, too new. But when Cal spoke I knew the truth. I was in love with him. I'd wait, and when he had his success, then . . .

In some ways those next two weeks were the longest of my life, and in some ways they went like lightning. For Cal it was nothing but work, day and night. I scarcely saw him. He'd gone into the show so late that Barry felt he needed every minute of rehearsal he had the strength for, even though he wasn't going to be in the regular part of the show but was only coming on between the first and second-act curtains, in a little spot all to himself. Cal didn't suffer from the work. He loved every minute of it. Everyone was good to him, too—especially Lise Martaine. He told me so often how kind she was being, how she took the time to coach him—and her time was really high-priced! That is, he told me often on the phone, just before he went home to Mrs. Calucchi's and fell into bed, exhausted. He didn't tell me so often in person because there just didn't seem to be time for anything but work.

"I'll be glad when it's over and done with," I grumbled to Papa David. "This way I never get to see Cal at all."

Papa David looked up from the paper he was reading. "And that means so much to you, to see him?"

I stared at Papa David, wondering if the time had come to talk things over with him. But there seemed nothing to talk over. Cal hadn't said anything yet. All I could do was wait, and be sure of my own feelings. Sitting there with Papa David, they seemed perfectly clear to me. I said, "Papa David, maybe it's too soon to say, but—I think it means everything."

Papa David smiled. "Bless you, leben," he said. "This I have been expecting. As you say it's already too soon to say too much, but in your happiness, Chichi, I will be happy. So now—we wait?"

On opening night I went backstage as I'd promised Cal I would, to stand in the wings while he sang.

I bumped into Barry back there. He never came out front on his opening nights, because by then the very sight of the audience made him feel murderous. But from the minute the curtain went up I could tell Barry had nothing to fear from this audience. They laughed themselves sick; they held up the acts with applause; when Lise Martaine did her big specialty number they brought down the house.

"You're in, Barry," I whispered as the first act curtain came down to thunderous applause. "You've got another hit. Now help me pray for Cal, huh?"

Barry squeezed my hand, and didn't let it go as the orchestra swelled out in the love song Cal was going to sing. Somehow as I heard it, my heart began to sink. All along, ever since Barry took Cal on, I'd been hoping one of them would see things my way and let Cal do a quiet, easy little song with no accompaniment but his own guitar. His own song, the one he'd written—"There's Only One of Me." But Cal had been stubborn about trying something more dramatic, and after all I wasn't a professional. When I found out that Lise Martaine agreed with Cal, and had found him a song that he claimed was perfect—and when Barry didn't oppose them—I decided to keep my mouth shut. Maybe they did know best.

But the time for maybes was past. This was it, and as Cal began to sing I knew dreadfully that they hadn't known best. It was all wrong. It was so flat, so meaningless, that a lump came into my throat. He couldn't possibly get to the end, I thought. I let go Barry's hand and pressed my fingers against my lips. He'd stop in the middle and run off the stage. Poor Cal. Poor Cal. This had meant everything to him. If only I had insisted, maybe they'd have listened to me . . .

The music wailed to a stop. There was silence, then a patter of applause, so light that it was almost shocking. It was watching someone get hurt in an accident and being unable to help.

Beside me, Barry moved his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Chichi."

"It was that song, that dreadful song," I burst out. "I told you, Barry—"

"The guy insisted. And I couldn't risk more fights with Lise, she was so set on having him do this particular number. Well—he's young. Maybe he'll make out even yet. But this'll have to go, of course. I can't risk ruining the show with one number."

"Sure." I twisted my evening bag in damp fingers. "Barry—you couldn't—find something else? Maybe in another part? Oh, I know I have a nerve asking after you've done so much, but . . ." Miserably I stopped. Inside, the second act was going on to much applause. Poor Cal, I thought again. He was so desperate to belong to all this.

Barry drew a deep breath. "You know something, Chichi? I'm going to do it. I'm going to try him again. And you know why?" He turned me to face him. "Because I want you to trust me and believe something I'm going to tell you. This guy may have something, Chichi. Maybe he's star material. But whatever he is, it's not for you." I tried to twist away, but he held me. "No, let me say it. I've watched him, Chichi, watched him work. I know him in a way you don't. Has it ever occurred to you that you have been very useful to Cal Duncan? And that from here on out Lise Martaine, a successful actress, could be even more useful?" Letting go of me, Barry stepped back. "Well, I've said it and I'm ashamed of myself but there it is. You think it over, darling. And when you find Duncan and dry his tears, tell him to run up to my office tomorrow and we'll work out his number the way you wanted it done in the first place."

It was exactly like being handed a baby with two heads, one nice and one nasty. I just stood there staring, and finally I groaned, "Oh, Barry, you're so darned clever. I don't know whether I want to kiss you for being so wonderful or kill you for being so mean. You're the most *confusing* man—!"

"Not me, I'm clear as a brook. I just happen to love you, Chichi. I'll do plenty to keep you from getting hurt. It's as I say—I'm going to give the guy another chance. I guess I knew all along this number was a mistake, so it's partly my fault. But I'm doing it partly for you, so you won't fall in love with him out of that old habit of yours of fighting for the underdog. This way he won't be the underdog. Simple?"

Is a MOTHER-IN-LAW ever justified in TAKING SIDES?

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS has been sent to Mrs. Ada Pizzati of Austin, Texas, for the best letter of advice on October's daytime serial question: (The Second Mrs. Burton) "Is A Mother-In-Law Ever Justified In Taking Sides?" Mrs. Pizzati wrote:

In some instances, a mother-in-law might be justified in interfering in her son's or daughter's home problems, but in no case is she wise in doing so. To begin with, custom has decreed that as soon as a woman becomes a mother-in-law, she is automatically "put on the spot." Her most innocent words will be carefully weighed for veiled or hidden meanings, and suspicion will follow her actions. Maternal instinct will naturally prompt siding with one's own offspring and it is a rare mother who can admit it when her child is at fault in a marital controversy. If a mother-in-law wishes to keep good will she had better keep her opinions to herself at all times.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next best letters has been sent to: Mrs. Eleanore C. Benson, Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Noel Johnsen, Murray, Utah, Mrs. Frank Littlejohn, San Francisco, Calif., Mrs. Frank Garbett, Boston, Ga., and Mrs. V. J. Green, Dayton, Ohio.

The Second Mrs. Burton is heard M.-F., 2 P.M. EST, CBS, sponsored by Swansdown.

I bit my lip and tears filled my eyes. "Not so simple, Barry. It may be too late for me—"

Barry's hand came softly down over my lips. "Don't say it," he said. "You don't know yet, you couldn't know. Go away and find him, now, and don't make any promises or decisions while you're upset like this. You know that's what Papa David would tell you."

I knew. I nodded, and left Barry alone there while I went to look for Cal. "He's right," I thought. "I won't make any promises or let Cal talk about us. Not till this show thing is all settled."

It was a very sensible thought, but the trouble was I needn't have bothered. Cal wasn't around to do any talking about anything. He'd simply disappeared. Somehow, after his number, he'd left the stage and without anybody's seeing him, faded silently away into the night. It was hard to believe, with all the people who'd been milling around both backstage and up front, but after we'd outwaited the last usher and phoned everywhere we could think of—Mrs. Calucchi's was really the only place I had any hope he might have gone—and even peeked into the neighborhood bars, Papa David and I had to face the fact that Cal Duncan was nowhere to be found. Finally, tired out, we went home, but there was no sleeping in the little apartment behind the Book Shop that night.

By the end of the next day we were all really worried. I called Barry to find out if by some miracle Cal had gotten in touch with him, but he said no—he'd been about to call me to ask the same thing. "How desperate do you think he'd get, Chichi?" he asked me reluctantly. "Bad enough to—"

"To do something to himself?" That was one possibility I hadn't thought of. Cal was so big and seemed so calm, except about singing. Well—but it was about singing that he was in trouble! I put my cold hand to my suddenly warm forehead, and wailed, "Oh, no, Barry! He couldn't!"

"Of course not," Barry said soothingly. "Well, get some sleep, Chichi. He'll turn up in the morning."

But the horrible new idea wouldn't leave me. I'd only thought before that Cal might be out walking the streets, trying to pull himself together, wanting to be alone before coming back and facing what he thought was his big failure. But it was more than twenty-four hours now without a word from him. Maybe Barry was right . . . Desperately, I picked up the phone and called my friend Craig Roberts, who's an Assistant District Attorney. I knew it was too soon to report Cal as a missing person, but I suddenly felt that I had to have some help, right away, or it might be too late.

Craig listened sympathetically and didn't seem to feel I was making too much of it when I told him about Cal's failure and how much the success would have meant to him. "You were right to call, Chichi," he said. "People do things at times like that that they'd never do in their normal state—well, don't worry unnecessarily. I'll get on it right away and see what I can do." Promising to call me early the next morning whether he had any news or not, Craig hung up and I went back to worrying.

It was a gray and ominous day, I remember, the next morning when I woke up from about three hours of nightmare. By ten o'clock Craig hadn't called and I was about to phone him when suddenly the Book Shop bell tinkled and heels sounded in the store. I ran out, breathless, hoping—but it was only a woman. Then I took another look and went breathless again. It was Lise Martaine.

Her clear, accented voice challenged me. "Miss Conrad? I am Lise Martaine."

"Yes, I know."

She gave me another one of those looks, as if she were adding my clothes up and coming out with five-ninety-eight, which was about right. "I'll not waste words," she said snappishly. "I came to demand from you that you tell me where Cal is."

I simply stared at her, wondering if she had lost her mind.

"If you are helping him to hide away, don't you see that it will do him more harm than good?" she said impatiently. "He must come out and face this thing. It's not the end of the world. Oh, answer me, don't stand there so stupidly—"

At that I found my voice. "I'm not so stupid I can't see what you're up to, Miss Martaine or Martin or whatever your real name is," I said coldly. "After all if Cal is in trouble it's as much your fault as anyone's. You're supposed to know the theater, know something about singing. You must have realized you were encouraging him to do a ridiculous thing, singing a song that was too arty and fancy for his voice. Even I could see that. Blame yourself, Miss Martaine, if you and I and everybody else never see Cal Duncan again! Believe me if I knew where he was I'd be with him, not standing here arguing with you."

"You'd be with him!" She gave a sharp laugh. "What good can you do him now? He needs me, someone successful like me, who knows the stage backwards and forwards. Already I have made Mr. Markham promise to give him another chance—"

"You made him promise? Last night Barry told me—told me right outside the theater the very minute Cal had finished singing—that he was going to give him another chance. Just when did he make that promise to *you?*"

Her dark eyes narrowed. "You do get around, Miss Conrad, don't you. Mr. Markham is Barry to you, I see."

"Yes," I said, "I get around pretty fast. I've still got my youth, you see, and it makes a difference." Without another look I went back into the apartment and slammed the door practically in her face. After a while I heard the tinkle of the store bell as she let herself out.

But though I'd had the last word, I felt all hollow inside. I felt the same way as when I'd heard Cal tell Barry he was going to sing a song he'd never mentioned to me. Somehow Cal seemed so innocent and confiding, it never occurred to me to remember that he was actually a grown man with a mind and a life of his own. Lise Martaine's attitude was eye-opening. What did I know about the life Cal lived while he was uptown, rehearsing, seeing her day after day? Sure he came down and talked to me; sure we were his friends, Papa David and I, and there was certainly something between Cal and me that was more than friendship—but how did I really know what there was between him and Lise Martaine? She had acted as if she owned him. Maybe she had reason to . . . ?

By the time Craig Roberts finally called me, I was as close to being a nervous wreck as I've ever been. "We



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found him, Chichi," he told me. He gave me some details about how, but they didn't sink in. My ears were pounding and my head was as light as a balloon, and I was having trouble holding it on. What did emerge was that Cal had found his way to Coney Island, of all places, and had gotten himself a job there singing in a restaurant. "Put up quite an argument, too," Craig told me. "Didn't want to come back. But he's back now."

"Where is he?" My voice was a thin squeak. "He's all right, you say? Forgive me, Craig, I'm so relieved—"

"I know. Yes, he's all right. Only thing is, we took him back to his rooming house to get cleaned up and there was a message there from some gal—Martaine? would that be it?—so when he found out I was going to call you he said to please tell you the message was urgent and he'd get in touch with you later."

Right then, even that seemed okay. Just to know he was alive and safe was enough. But later, when Papa David came home and I told him everything, the look on his face and the way it sounded to me in the telling combined to throw cold water all over me. Icy, freezing water. Papa David didn't like it. Cal should have come to me, if only for a minute, to say he was all right. I didn't like it, either.

He called me himself, later on. When I heard his voice I felt weak inside. "I've only got a second, Chichi, but I wanted to say how sorry I was to trouble you. Mr. Roberts said you were right worried about me . . ."

"Yes. We all were . . ."

"You shouldn't have. I went through a bad piece, but it's all right now. I—I guess you know Mr. Markham's giving me another chance. Lise, she talked him into it. I'm going on tonight, and if I come out all right I'm coming down later to tell you something real important. If it's okay to come down that late—?"

"It's okay, Cal," I said. "And—good luck, dear." I hung up and rested my head against the wall for a minute. *Lise talked him into it.* That's what her message had been, no doubt—to make sure she'd get to him first with the news. Well, let her have the credit. That part didn't matter—who was responsible, why, or for what. All that mattered was getting Cal his second chance, his real chance. Right on the verge of that it would be silly to start arguing with Lise about credit. Later, we could straighten it out.

I didn't have to go to the show that night. I could see it all—the only part that mattered to me. In my mind's eye it was clear—the curtain going up on a Western ranch scene, the lonely moonlight, Cal standing there with his guitar, quiet, lonesome . . . and then starting to sing. His own way, the right way, soft and easy, not with a big orchestra blaring away and an "artistic" song to live up to . . . He'd do it tonight. I knew it; there was no doubt at all.

He came down surprisingly soon after the performance—before I expected him. But coffee was ready, and a big fancy cake from the bakery. And I was ready too, ready for the "something important" he was going to tell me. Almost ready, that is. Inside, my heart was going so fast I was afraid it showed.

"I did it, Chichi!" he almost shouted. He took my hands and kissed me on the lips for the first time. "I did it! They like me, Chichi! Mr. Markham says everything's okay now. Isn't it like a fairy tale? I can't believe it—and yet I knew somehow it would come true for me . . ."

"I knew too, Cal," I said. "I was so sure it would go right this time that I didn't even have to be there. I could see every spotlight and hear every note—that's why I got a celebration all ready. I knew there'd be something to celebrate!"

He noticed the fancy table for the first time, and suddenly he looked disturbed. "Gee, Chichi—I didn't expect—I mean I have to go back uptown right away. I came down as fast as I could because I wanted to tell you the first one, you've been so good to me, but Lise's planned a big party to celebrate . . . to celebrate . . . It was supposed to be the opening night party, but she held it up on account of me making such a fool of myself and disappearing like that."

I sat down, because my shaky knees were about to give up. Looking up at him, I waited for him to go on. He moistened his lips. "We—I—yes, you've been so good to me, Chichi. I went through a bad time, out there on the beach, thinking, but you know even before they found me I was making up my mind to come back. I might not be able to face it myself, I was thinking, but with Lise to help me—she's so strong, Chichi, and she knows so much. Not only about the theater, you know, but about—life, and all . . ." He looked down at me helplessly. "We're going to be married, Lise and I. I wanted to tell you before anybody else . . ."

From some hidden source I scraped up enough strength to hide what I was feeling. "Why, thanks," I actually said. "I know you'll be very happy. Both—both in the same work, and helping each other—I know you'll be happy." I gave him my hand. "You'd better run along now, Cal, so you won't be late. We can—celebrate some other time."

He was definitely uneasy now, shifting from one foot to the other in uncertainty. But I was beyond helping Cal Duncan. After all I wasn't made entirely of iron. I needed a little help myself right then, to keep the smile on my face and the steadiness in my voice as I practically pushed him out the front door.

I sat there, I don't know how long, looking at that cake with its pink and brown icing and fancy decoration. I remembered Barry telling me that Lise Martaine could be useful to Cal, and then I remembered Lise herself saying almost the same thing . . . and now Cal. Had he known it all along? Was he really in love with her? Was he just using her to give him another step up on the road to success? Who knew, who knew? My heart hurt and tears were making my throat ache. I knew that they would just spill over in a few more minutes. That would be good. Get the whole thing out of my system at once.

I couldn't fool myself that I was going to cry Cal Duncan out of my system in one easy lesson. His eyes, so open and warm, his voice, with that deep, drawling caress—it wouldn't be so very easy. But somehow I knew that sooner or later I could do it. It was what he'd said about Lise, I think. "She's so strong." Yes, he needed that, someone to lean on. But a girl in love doesn't want a man to turn to her for strength! At least—not Chichi Conrad! I wanted someone *I* could lean on, not the other way around. Let Lise have Cal Duncan. Let him have her. Bless you, my children.

Maybe if the phone hadn't rung just then I would have broken down and cried. But when I heard Barry's deep, soothing voice, suddenly I laughed instead. It was a little hysterical, maybe, but it was a pretty real, pretty happy laugh all the same.

"Thought you might be a little—" he hesitated. "Lonesome?"

"I am, but not the way you think. You know, Barry? Everything that's happened?"

"Pretty much, and the rest I can guess. If there's anything I can do, Chichi—"

"That's it—you ask *me* if there's anything you can do for me. That's the way it should be, Barry—shouldn't it? At least part of the time. I don't mind doing the helping some of the time, but I wouldn't want to spend the rest of my life planning someone else's life for him. I wouldn't want it that way."

"I'd spend mine doing everything in the world for you if you'd let me." Barry's voice was low and intense. "You know that, I won't go on repeating it. But right now, if there's anything—"

"As a matter of fact there is," I said. I had caught sight of the cake again, sitting on the dressed-up table in untouched splendor. I burst out laughing. "Barry, there's something you can do. You can come right down here and help me eat a cake!"

"I'm on my way," he said, and hung up.

Absently, as I waited, I reached out and picked off some of the icing. It tasted as if it were going to be a pretty good cake after all.

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How To Be A Best-Dressed Woman

(*Continued from page 36*)

that aren't too fussy, but they don't like birds of paradise and too many feathers and bows. Women often look very chic in these hats, but I doubt they ever help catch a beau. Whereas the little hat with a veil is a time-honored beau-catcher.

Men love all-black, or black and white, and are apt to be critical of very bright colors, except for evening. They favor blue in all shades, from light to navy. They *say* that pink is only for negligees, or the country. Then, one day, you appear in a little pink sweater —or a pink evening dress—and the eyes light up. If you'd asked first, the answer would have been no.

They don't like too-ruffly things. They do like an uncluttered look. They would rather see a girl wear a single small piece of nice jewelry, not necessarily real or expensive—but good looking, than a lot of junk. They love pearls, probably because pearls look discreet and ladylike, and are universally becoming. They don't mind heavy gold bracelets hung with gold disks if they don't make too much noise. I like the jangly kind myself but they are taboo on TV. I think men like earrings, even the long chandelier type, if they're right for the occasion.

What it all adds up to is that men like a woman to look "lovely." That includes awareness, graciousness, charm. It means a girl should dress to express her own personality, adapting new styles to her particular needs, and not following fashion slavishly.

It means knowing enough feminine tricks so her Man will think she's the best-dressed woman he knows. And if he thinks so, the chances are that she really will be.

The Man I Married

(*Continued from page 39*)

married a Hershey boy, settled down to live quietly and respectably ever after in the town where we grew up, and I was expected to do likewise. I had every intention of doing likewise until I met Jack Paar.

It happened at a dinner dance, which the chocolate corporation gave for Jack's commanding officer at Camp Indiantown Gap.

I expect Major Sam Carter was the first of a long line of "brass" whom Jack was to make a career of insulting.

They were friends despite the divergence in rank. The Major had been a salesman for the Hershey company in the South before the war (which was how our family happened to know him). Jack, who had been beating his way up to some sort of prominence in radio, was emceeing a morning record show over a Buffalo station when he was drafted, and now was attached to Major Carter's staff in a public relations capacity.

It was a large party, and as one of the hostesses I was too busy to devote much time to any one guest, but I was fascinated with Jack's acid, almost sardonic humor, and with—what shall I call it?—his lack of reverence for The Quality.

When we met again a few nights later at the canteen I was delighted, and danced most of the evening with him. Jack asked to take me home, but this was forbidden—the canteen hostesses were under strict orders to be very nice to the boys, but under no circumstances to leave the premises with them, or to make appointments for meeting elsewhere.

"Where *can* I see you again?" he wanted to know.

"Here," I said.

If the chaperones noticed that I turned up at the canteen rather more frequently after that and danced rather consistently with one GI, they didn't mention it.

I liked Jack tremendously by this time, and wanted to invite him to meet my family. But I couldn't invite him home. My father would have exploded. I hit upon a scheme to recruit Jack to emcee the City Club dinner. My father was a director of the club, and was sure to attend—I would see that he met Jack there. But Daddy somehow got wind of the plot, and failed to show up.

My next, and rather desperate try, was to arrange that Jack should meet us—accidentally, on purpose—in church on Sunday morning.

I sat betwen Mother and Daddy in our pew at the Dutch Reformed church next Sunday morning. Jack, as we had planned, slipped in beside us.

I leaned over mother to introduce Jack to her.

She's a wonderful mother.

"Invite him to dinner," she whispered.

She didn't know that, as mother of the bride, she would be weeping into her corsage of gardenias and lilies of the valley at a wedding ceremony in the same church just four months later. If she had, she probably would have been less hospitable. But the door was open. Daddy *had* to meet Jack now, and if he liked him, anything could happen.

I must say I was a little nervous. From what Jack had told me about his background, I knew he would feel strange in our kind of deeply rooted homelife. Jack's life had been quite different.

Born in Canton, Ohio, he had moved to Jackson, Michigan, with his family when he was six and gone to the public schools there, but under protest.

When he hadn't failed in his studies, he had just got by. He laughs now at stories from his one-time home towns which refer to him as the "incompetent school boy" who made good on the radio.

When he was fourteen, he contracted tuberculosis and spent many months in a hospital. His stay there changed his whole outlook. There was a little radio by his bed, and he listened to everything—from the wake-up-and-shine programs at dawn right through to the Star-Spangled Banner sign-off at night. After a while he asked for equipment and tools—he wanted to improve his set. That done, he built another, from scratch. He was in radio now, for good.

When he was cured, his first trip was to the high school where he announced to his teachers and the principal that he was leaving school. They no longer could teach him anything, he said. He had no further interest in Latin or algebra. He was going into radio.

The truant officer would be around

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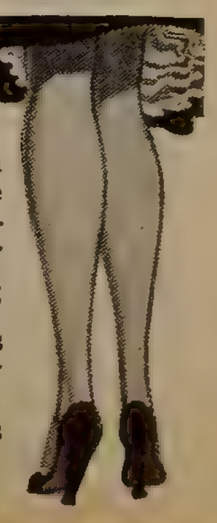
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very shortly, the principal told him.

"But I won't" said Jack.

Sixteen years old, and, on the surface at least, undaunted, he left Jackson that night, hitch-hiking, and kept on going until he got to Indianapolis.

He wrote his worried parents that he had a job, just as he had planned, in a radio station. He did *not* say that the job consisted of emptying waste paper baskets, and sweeping out the halls, or that the pay was negligible. Or that nobody noticed the round full tones in which—hoping to be "discovered"—he answered the most routine questions.

His mother came to visit him a year later, and, horrified at what the pinched diet of cottage cheese and potato chips —which was all he could afford—had done to him, marched him back home to Jackson. But not for long—he was off again after a few months to Pittsburgh, where he landed a job as a radio staff announcer. After a year and a half he was fired: insubordination. On to Cleveland, more announcing—over WGR—this time for five years before he was fired: insubordination. When war broke out he was on the air in Buffalo, broadcasting a novel—to say the least—early morning record show for adolescents in which, for the first time, he had a chance to inject his own peculiar brand of bitter humor.

"Mad at your folks?" he would ask his youthful listeners. "Send for my free home-cremation kit.

"Need money?

"Our new pamphlet tells you how to repaint old license plates, and sell them at a profit. You can have a profitable business, right in your own home."

The P.T.A. didn't get him. Nor did the juvenile delinquency societies. But the Army did.

And now he was up against an even stronger adversary, or so it seemed to me. He was face to face with my father.

If Jack was awed by my family or the surroundings, he didn't show it. He chatted easily and cheerfully with father and I began to relax. Until father asked:

"And where did you go to college, young man?"

There was an awful moment, and then Jack answered.

"Western Reserve, sir."

I remonstrated with him afterwards. Daddy would find out it wasn't true, I said, and then we would really be in trouble.

But Jack had gone to Western Reserve, he told me with a straight face. He had taken two night extension classes—in radio engineering!

There wasn't another crisis like that until the night of our wedding four months later.

The elaborate ceremony my family had wanted, the hours and hours of polite handshaking on the reception line afterward had been too much for Jack. And his Army pals who had been recruited for the jobs of best man and ushers were getting similarly restive.

At a quiet moment—three or four hundred people were standing about, drinking champagne, dabbling at the wedding cake—Jack burst out with,

"Things are dying, let's put on a show."

And before I could stop him he had climbed on a table top and was going into his line of patter.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he said, "I assure you it was no easy task to get Mr. Wagner to agree to this marriage. I had to promise to vote Republican."

"Is it all going to be like this?" I thought, shaking nervously. "If it is, I don't think I'll be able to stand it."

But Daddy laughed. And so did the others. And we went off for our one-day honeymoon in a rain of rice and sincere good wishes.

In the four months which remained before Jack embarked for the South Pacific I began to have an inkling of what life would be like as the wife of the complicated character I described at the outset of this article.

When he left and our marriage continued—for twenty-five long months—by airmail, I worried and lay awake nights, tortured not by the fear which so many women faced that their men would be hurt or killed in combat but that mine would be court martialed. For insubordination.

How close he came to it, very few people know. He *did* spend two days in the lock up, threatened with immediate shipment to the combat area on Bougainville—for insulting an admiral! Just as I had expected.

For the most part, Jack lampooned the brass with impunity—his impudent cracks about their officers were good for the troops' morale and the high command knew it.

He worked for the now famous Mosquito Network, broadcast daily to the troops in the Pacific Theater. He was in radio now, with a big audience, at last.

"And this audience," he will tell you, "couldn't get away."

Jack met all of the high-powered radio stars who toured the theater—Bop Hope, Jack Benny, Jack Carson —and gave them all, I feel certain, the well known Paar-brush. One big-shot whom he tried to brush refused to be insulted. He was Sidney Carroll, of *Esquire,* who heard Jack and loved his stuff and came home to write a piece about him. The story broke the day Sergeant Jack Paar landed in the United States, and was of immeasurable help in getting his career back into motion.

On the basis of the Carroll story, he went on Paul Whiteman's Stairway to the Stars program a few days after he came home.

He wept as he thanked Whiteman for the Big Chance. "I dreamed of this," he said, tears streaming down his face. "I just wish all the guys who were dreaming their lives away out there in the jungles could share it with me."

I was in the audience, weeping too.

Near me sat a man I had never seen. He was Robert Sparks, an RKO executive. "Look at that," he said, moving toward the back-stage entrance, "a comedian who can cry!"

The RKO contract which brought us to Hollywood as a result of Mr. Sparks' enthusiasm lasted for three years, but Jack didn't get before a camera except for about six days in a picture starring Joseph Cotten called "Weep No More."

He did, however, hit the big time with his own radio show, which was what he had really wanted.

He did it the hard way. Jack always will. An agency in the East which first liked his audition record sent for him to come East early in 1947.

Three guest shots were assured, with Vaughn Monroe, with an option for a six-year contract as star of his own show.

For Jack, it meant realization of all he had worked for. (For me, it meant being home for Christmas.) We went off, our hearts young and gay.

The guest shots were a smash. And Jack signed for the six-year deal. (His old "college" friend, Maurie Condon, with whom he had taken that night class at Western Reserve, signed for a big job the same day and we all went out on the town.)

Three weeks later, Jack walked out on the show. The agency had cut his material over his objections.

There was a long anxious period before the summer replacement for the Benny show came through, and the gratifying pick-up for the Fall season.

This time he worked for ABC where he had his own program until Christmas Day, 1947. Early the next year, he replaced Don McNeill on the Breakfast Club for just a few weeks. From then on—all the way until June 11, 1950—Jack, not on the air, found it pretty tough sledding.

The most perplexing thing to Jack is that following his Benny replacement, he received many awards from newspapers, radio magazines and radio editors naming him either "the funniest comic on the air," or "the comedian most likely to succeed." Yet after all the awards and acclaim—nothing, no work. Jack now says he never wants to receive another award. But I don't think he really means it.

It was last June when Jack took over Eddie Cantor's emcee post on NBC's Take It Or Leave It where he is now making a great success of it. The show has been retitled and is known as The $64 Question.

Between storms, Jack and I and our baby girl Randy, who is twenty months old, live in a sort of expectant calm in our Hollywood house. Randy takes after her Daddy in appearance and is, without exaggeration, his absolute pride and joy. A typical father *plus,* Jack proudly takes her down to NBC's Hollywood studios every Sunday. He brings her out on stage before the broadcast and introduces her to the people out front. Randy enjoys that—she wanders around the stage, waving and gurgling while Jack himself beams in the background.

An interesting development of Jack's success on The $64 Question was that RKO immediately phoned him and hired him back to work in a picture at a salary far in excess to what he was receiving during the days he was under contract to that studio and doing no work for them.

Despite his new success, Jack goes right on turning down all social invitations—except from his four or five pals —oblivious (or resentful?) of the fact that in Hollywood, if nowhere else, careers are built on "contacts."

As for the future of Jack Paar that, as always, is shrouded in smog. There's no telling yet what he will do in the future, what he will balk at, what he will accept. Despite his long period of inactivity, Jack Paar is as independent as ever. In short, Jack is just being himself, a self very few people know—a sweet and lovable and *angry* man.

You can't change him.

His wife says so.

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RADIO & TELEVISION MIRROR
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Wednesday, January 10, 1951

These Fascinating People

(*Continued from page 33*)

Betty laughed. The audience roared. And I sighed with relief and gratitude. Nobody had doubted for a moment that my lapse of memory was part of the act.

In thirteen rewarding—and often rollicking—seasons as producer of The Screen Guild Theatre, I have had an incredible succession of wonderful experiences with the stars of the motion picture world. Not only are these people better than ever. They just couldn't be bettered.

The highest salaried and the most honored figures in the history of movies have come forth in an unprecedented procession of talent to do—without a penny for their trouble—their bit for the Motion Picture Relief Fund which sponsors the hour-long Screen Guild program every Thursday night over the ABC network.

Revenue realized from the Screen Guild Players paid for the Fund's fabulous, sprawling Motion Picture Country House in San Fernando Valley. In this idyllic retreat, the movie folk of other eras spend their reclining years in comfort, even luxury, and most important of all, in dignity.

And it was The Screen Guild Theatre —with the talent donated by the stars, and the screenplays donated by the studios—that enabled the Fund to erect recently the $1,275,000 forty-bed Motion Picture Country House Hospital. It stands as proud fact that it is the most modern and best-equipped institution of its kind in the United States.

Not once have I encountered a single movie star who regarded a Screen Guild Players performance either as a chore or an imposition. From the beginning, for every star it has been a labor of love. And often of laughter, whimsy and excitement.

I have seen the real heart of Hollywood. I have witnessed behind scenes of The Screen Guild Theatre how the incentive of contribution has been as great a spur as that other indisputable lure, the dollar bill, to the hallowed legend that the show must go on.

I have seen Rosalind Russell take three weeks of coaching at her own expense to master a Russian accent for her role in the Screen Guild Players presentation of "Ninotchka."

I have seen a motorcycle police escort speed Red Skelton from movie location at Wrigley Field to the radio studio in time for a Screen Guild broadcast. I have seen Peter Lawford also arrive breathlessly from location for a Screen Guild performance, a scant twenty-five minutes before airtime.

I have seen Jack Carson substitute for Van Johnson on twenty-four hours' notice, Barbara Britton pinch-hit overnight for Ann Baxter when Ann was stricken with appendicitis. And I have seen the same Ann Baxter take over for Loretta Young on two hours' notice when Loretta was rendered non compos radio by laryngitis in the Screen Guild adaptation of "Ramona."

And I have seen the incomparable Katharine Hepburn so pressed for time that she couldn't change from slacks to more formal attire when The Screen Guild Theatre did "The Philadelphia Story." We still chuckle at the byplay the night Miss Hepburn performed in those trousers.

Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart, her co-stars, had ideas of their own. They gave a script girl whispered instructions, and sent her scurrying to a Hollywood Boulevard women's shop. If Hepburn was determined to wear the pants on the show, they intended to reply in kind. The curtain rose to find Katie at her microphone in slacks, and Grant and Stewart at their microphone resplendent in the skirts which the script girl had purchased for them!

More than once the Screen Guild Players show has gone on in unorthodox fashion.

Take the time that Alice Faye, despite her illness, insisted upon performing in "This Thing Called Love," with George Brent. Alice no more than uttered her last line before she fell backwards in a dead faint. Brent reached out to catch her, and carried her off stage. The doctor who arrived at Alice's dressing room assured me that there was no cause for concern. Alice was going to become a mother.

It was thanks to a technical rather than a romantic miracle that the show went on when The Screen Guild Theatre offered MGM's "Command Decision" with the same all-star cast that performed in the great motion picture.

I've never seen anything more fascinating. Clark Gable had to leave town on location, so for the first time in the history of the show we resorted to tape recording. Gable read his own lines, and well-known radio actor Elliot Lewis read all the other parts.

A week later, the second phase of this remarkable operation was taped. We assembled the other members of the "Command Decision" cast—Walter Pidgeon, Brian Donlevy, John Hodiak and Van Johnson. And who should be reading the part of the absentee Gable but the same Elliot Lewis?

Gable's recording was dubbed in with the other, and not a person was any the wiser. The flawless performance heard on the air was a tribute to the magnificent editing job by tireless and talented Bill Lawrence, who had directed The Screen Guild Theatre since 1942.

There was not, to be sure, a single peep out of Elliot Lewis.

Sometime afterward, I saw Walter Pidgeon again. "You know, Huntly," he confided. "I was afraid to listen to it, but it came out wonderfully."

Time and again Screen Guild Theatre performances have come out just as wonderfully when the fates had intended less happy results.

A memorable instance was the time Gary Cooper recreated Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" for us. Harry Kronman, the bespectacled word-wizard who turns out the Screen Guild

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Are You a Good American?

(*Continued from page* 23)

6. Do you believe we must work equally hard in preparing for defense and in securing world peace?

Because we defended Korea the chances for lasting peace are greater than at any time in recent years. Stopping defense preparations now would be death by suicide. That's not the kind of peace we're looking for.

7. Do you think children in grade school are too young to understand what Democracy is all about?

Understanding Democracy begins with the heart, not the head—and it begins in the home in infancy. You can help insure America's future by being a living example of liberty and freedom in action for your children.

8. Can the ideas of competition and cooperation exist together in our society?

We need both. Competition to encourage greater effort; cooperation for the efficient performance of community and national undertakings.

9. Do you support *any* group which subtly or openly practices religious or racial discrimination?

In America all religions are free and equal and so is every race. Anyone who advocates religious or racial intolerance or hatred is beneath contempt.

10. If the cold war turns hot will you make a cooling breeze by your speed in trying to evade the draft?

Americans have never liked going to war. But the man who lets his neighbor defend this nation for him forfeits his right to call himself an American.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

6 and 8 "yes", all others "no". You should get all of these right. If not, you're stealing a free ride on Freedom. Why is Freedom so precious? Because the only way that we can learn, grow and become a better person is by thinking and experiencing things *for* ourselves. That requires Freedom. Dictatorships, on the other hand, crush your spirit, dull your mind, make you easy to push around, put you in a mental straitjacket. That's why the Commie way can only do one thing—make better Commies. And the Freedom way? It makes better Americans, but more than that, it makes better human beings.

adaptations had to eliminate a page of Gary's script to keep the program within its time limit.

On the air, Gary got so caught up in his role that he kept reading the deleted material. Poor Bill Lawrence was tearing his smoothly combed hair in the control booth. It remained for Wally Maher, an alert AFRA actor, to jump to the microphone and save the day by doing an ad lib scene with Gary.

Maher's quick thinking proved contagious. Wilbur Hatch, then our musical director, signaled his orchestra and played a bridge at the end of the scene that was to have been edited out. Others in the cast speeded the delivery of their lines.

There was still the matter of compensating for the time consumed in the frenzy of all this activity, and all eyes were on Kronman. Harry quickly eliminated announcements scheduled for the end of the program. Except for a few backstage nervous breakdowns, there was no evidence that anything untoward had taken place when the announcer signed off.

Harry is as fast as he is facile. I saw him get the program out of a similar jam when Charlie Ruggles played in "The Sun Comes Up," our dramatization of a Lassie movie. Halfway through the performance, it was discovered that the show was running behind schedule. While the actors were on microphone, Kronman feverishly cut a minute and ten seconds from the remainder of the story, marked up scripts for every member of the cast, and handed them out in time to get the show off the air in time and intact.

Sometimes, fortunately, our emergencies are not as drastic as they appear at first. Bob Hope, a notable ad libber, gave Bill Lawrence the scare of his life in the Screen Guild version of "My Favorite Brunette."

A minute before airtime, Bob tossed his script into the audience and proceeded to ad lib. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"The guy's gone crazy!" Lawrence howled.

Bill could have spared himself the panic. Hope was merely playing a prank. As a perspiring Lawrence gave what he thought was a futile cue for the start of the show, Hope jauntily pulled another script out of his coat pocket.

I guess I was luckier than Lawrence. It was beautiful blonde Virgina Bruce who gave me my scare. Shortly before show time, she went out for refreshments. I nodded to her, giving the matter no thought. Two minutes later, as Virginia came back I broke out in a cold sweat.

It was hard to believe it, but Miss Bruce staggered as if she had had one cocktail too many. I seized her by the shoulders, shook her and offered her some black coffee. She had me so frightened that she was unable to go on with the ruse. She burst out laughing, and I dropped in the nearest chair, breathing quite heavily, if you must know. There are times when a performance can be too persuasive.

There was no pretense, however, in the crisis inadvertently produced by extremely conscientious Kirk Douglas in "Champion." Even on radio, Kirk physically acts out every line. He punctuated an exciting scene with radio actor Frank Nelson, who played his manager, by reaching across the microphone to tap Frank on the shoulder. At one point, Douglas missed Nelson's shoulder and hit his arm, sending Nelson's script flying out of his hand. Nelson had to ad lib the remainder of the sequence, but he did it so well that the production was neither marred nor interrupted.

One of the charming things about my years with the Screen Guild Players is the fact that I not only meet such interesting people, but such interesting crises. These have ranged anywhere from a child star's naivete, to Joan Fontaine's crying jag, to William Powell's unforgettable real-life gallantry.

The child star was Margaret O'Brien, a truly amazing little girl. At the time the Screen Guild Theatre did "Journey for Margaret," Miss O'Brien was unable to read, so she had to memorize her part.

Robert Young, who played Margaret's father on the program, got me in a corner on the afternoon of the broadcast.

"For goodness sake, Huntly," he pleaded. "Please give her a script to hold so I won't look so foolish."

But if Bob Young thought he had a problem, he should have compared notes—and neuroses—with Bill Lawrence, who generally bears the brunt when there's a brunt to be borne.

In a special rehearsal, Bill patiently read all the other parts while Margaret spoke hers from memory. After going along great guns, Margaret suddenly fell silent. Bill repeated her cue several times, but got no reaction from her. Lawrence turned quizzically to Margaret's mother, who was standing by, smiling.

"You're reading the nurse's lines," Mrs. O'Brien explained. "Margaret is used to hearing a woman read that part."

Lawrence gulped. He asked his script girl to give Margaret her cue, and when she did, Miss O'Brien glibly went on with the show.

Of course children don't hold a monopoly on backstage problems. A good example is the time Joan Fontaine did a crying scene in "Rebecca," with Brian Aherne. The mascara got in Joan's eye. She was unable to stop crying, and unable, as a result, to find her place in the script.

Aherne promptly grasped the situation, jumped to Joan's side, and repeated over and over, "Don't cry, dear." The audience thought the lines were in the script, but they weren't. It gave Aherne time to show Joan her place.

But of all the backstage stories of the storied Screen Guild Theatre, Bill Lawrence, Harry Kronman and I have one favorite in common. Its hero is dashing William Powell.

Wise and good-natured Bill, a frequent Screen Guild performer, acted on one program in which a well-known movie player had a very bad day. This actor fluffed his lines four times in succession, and he was terribly humiliated.

As Powell did his part, he read the first three lines smoothly, then gradually seemed to lose his grip. He fluffed twice, before he got the lines right.

"It sure looks like my rough night, doesn't it?" Powell sighed when he sat down.

I stole a glance at the man who had fluffed previously, and I could literally see the color return to his face as his confidence was stored.

He didn't know—because of the pains Powell took that he shouldn't—that Powell had fluffed purposely.

Later Bill Lawrence whispered to Powell, "That's one of the nicest things I've ever seen anybody do."

Powell winked.

It's nice work being producer of the Screen Guild Players. You meet such nice people.



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